



No. 83

JAN...TEN CENTS



Detective COMICS

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Jim Prentice ANNOUNCES

NEW ELECTRIC FOOTBALL



HI BOYS!

See these new 1944 patented 60-celled diamond frames, size 11 x 15 inches. Diamond-shaped "pigs" and white playing field. New Patented Television Screen instantly records plays on field. Dual-Control permits operation of game electrically with battery or mechanically if battery is not available. (Operates with our regular portable battery. Sold everywhere.)

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AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

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Printed in U.S.A.

BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

THE BOY WONDER

BOB
KANE

ACCIDENTS HAPPEN EVERYWHERE---BUT SELDOM DO THEY PRODUCE SUCH AMAZING AFTER-EFFECTS AS YOU WILL READ ABOUT IN THIS STARTLING STORY! FOR RICH MEN ROB THEMSELVES TO SAVE THIEVES THE TROUBLE---AND EVEN THE MIGHTY **BATMAN** OBLIGES GANGSTERS BY TURNING FROM HIS CRIME-SMASHING CRUSADE TO CRACK A SAFE! AND AS FOR ALFRED, BUTLER EXTRAORDINARY TO THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**---YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE WHAT HE GOES THROUGH TILL YOU'VE SEEN FOR YOURSELF THE FANTASTIC THINGS THAT OCCUR IN GOTHAM CITY---

"ACCIDENTALLY...PURPOSE!"

A MINOR MYSTERY ENGAGES THE ATTENTION OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON...

BY THE WAY, WHERE'S ALFRED? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR HOURS!

COME TO THINK OF IT, NEITHER HAVE I!

HE'S BEEN ACTING MIGHTY STRANGE LATELY.. I'LL SEE IF HE'S IN THE KITCHEN!

I'LL TRY HIS ROOM UPSTAIRS!

HE ISN'T ON THIS FLOOR EITHER--- AND HE WOULDN'T ORDINARILY LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT SAYING SOMETHING!

NOT A SIGN OF HIM!

NOT A
SIGN
OF HIM!

SUDDENLY... **ZZZINGGGGGGG** A

THE ALARM FROM THE BAT CAVE! SOMEONE MUST BE DOWN THERE!

LET'S GO

LET'S GO!

NO ONE HERE OR IN THE LAB...
I'LL TRY THE GYM!

WAIT FOR ME!

A SECRET STAIRWAY LEADS TO THE BAT CAVE, SUBTERRANEAN SHELTER FOR THE BATMOBILE AND THE BATPLANE, A CRIMINOLOGICAL LABORATORY, AND OTHER CRIME-FIGHTING TOOLS OF THE BATMAN...



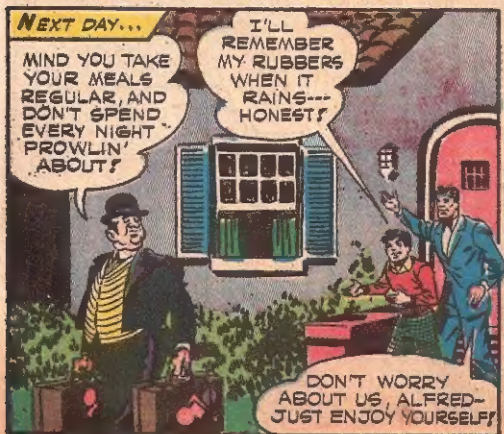
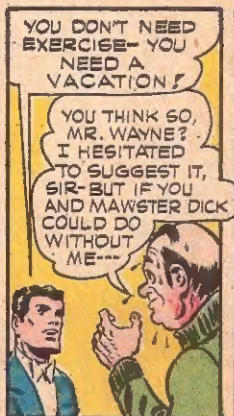
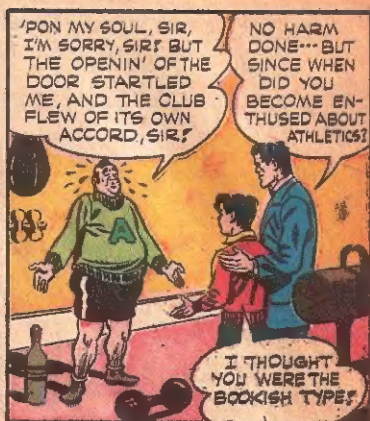
QUIET, DICK!

QUIET, DICK!

LOOK OUT!

UGH!

GYM



IN ALFRED'S ABSENCE, LIFE IN GOTHAM CITY FOLLOWS ITS USUAL COURSE, WITH ITS TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS---AND ITS TRAFFIC MISHAPS...

LOOK, BRUCE!

I WAS LOOKING BEFORE--- AND IT LOOKED TO ME AS IF THAT DRIVER HIT THE FELLOW DELIBERATELY!

THE DRIVER ISN'T STOPPING!

NO WONDER! I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIM, AND HE'S BIFF BANNISTER, THE GANG BOSS, WANTED BY THE POLICE!

THAT NIGHT, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE ALFRED'S DEPARTURE, TWO AWESOME FIGURES FLIT THROUGH THE SHADOWS!

TAKE HIM TO MY OFFICE! I'M DR. GOODWIN, AND I SAW IT FROM MY WINDOW!

A GOOD THING YOU WERE HANDY, DOCTOR! HE'S LIVING, BUT HE MAY BE BADLY HURT!

I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED HIM EARLIER... HE'S HENRY CORLISS, OWNER OF A BIG JEWELRY STORE!

INDEED?... FORTUNATELY, HE ISN'T BADLY INJURED ---MERELY A SLIGHT CONCUSSION...

IT SURE IS GOOD TO BE LOOKING FOR ACTION AGAIN, BATMAN--- BUT WHAT'S THE OCCASION?

YOU'LL SEE!

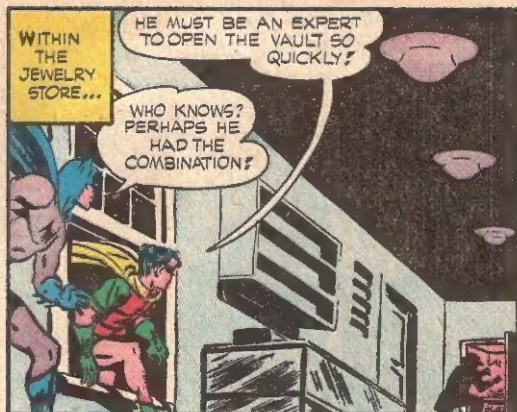
PRESENTLY...

YOU CERTAINLY CALLED THE PLAY, BATMAN! THAT BIRD IS A BURGLAR IF I EVER SAW ONE--- BUT IT ISN'T BIFF!

WE'LL GRAB HIM FIRST AND ASK HIS NAME LATER, ROBIN!

WHY, IT'S THE JEWELRY STORE OWNED BY CORLISS, THE MAN WHO WAS HIT BY THAT CAR!

RIGHT! WHEN A CROOK DELIBERATELY RUNS DOWN A MAN WORTH ROBBING, IT'S SOMETHING TO LOOK INTO!



WITHIN
THE
JEWELRY
STORE...

HE MUST BE AN EXPERT
TO OPEN THE VAULT SO
QUICKLY!

WHO KNOWS?
PERHAPS HE
HAD THE
COMBINATION!



CORLISS HIMSELF!

ALL
RIGHT,
CHUM---
HUH?

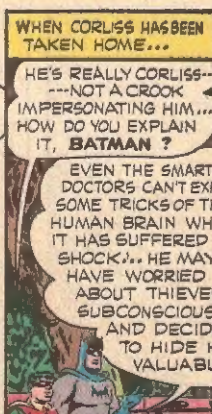
WHA---!
WH--WHO
ARE YOU?...
WH--WHERE
AM I?...



BATMAN
AND
ROBIN! AND
I'M IN MY
OWN STORE!
THE LAST
THING I
REMEMBER
WAS GOING
TO SLEEP
AT HOME!

WALKING IN
YOUR SLEEP
IS BAD
ENOUGH---
BUT ROBBING
YOURSELF SOUNDS
SERIOUS!

HOWEVER, I GUESS
YOU'RE WITHIN
YOUR LEGAL RIGHTS...



WHEN CORLISS HAS BEEN
TAKEN HOME...

HE'S REALLY CORLISS---
---NOT A CROOK
IMPERSONATING HIM...
HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN
IT, BATMAN?

EVEN THE SMARTEST
DOCTORS CAN'T EXPLAIN
SOME TRICKS OF THE
HUMAN BRAIN WHEN
IT HAS SUFFERED A
SHOCK... HE MAY
HAVE WORRIED
ABOUT THIEVES
SUBCONSCIOUSLY,
AND DECIDED
TO HIDE HIS
VALUABLES...



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

WHAT'S THIS? MORE
EXCITEMENT? ALFRED
WILL FEEL BAD WHEN
HE HEARS WHAT HE
MISSED!

THAT SCAFFOLD MUST HAVE
SWUNG DOWN AND HIT SOMEONE!



I'M A DOCTOR!
PUT HIM IN HERE
AND I'LL RUSH HIM
TO MY OFFICE
FOR TREATMENT!

IT'S DR.
GOODWIN!

WONDER IF HE
SPECIALIZES
IN ACCIDENT
CASES?



HMMM... THE ROPE WAS
CUT NEARLY THROUGH WITH
A KNIFE, SO THAT ANYBODY
COULD HAVE PULLED THE
SCAFFOLD DOWN BY YANKING
THIS WIRE!

YE SAY THE
INJURED PARTY
IS JOHN KLING,
OF THE FIRM
OF KLING &
HUGGING,
STOCKBROKERS?

ONCE AGAIN DARKNESS
BRINGS FORTH THE
UNDERWORLD'S MOST
RELENTLESS FOES...

YOU THINK KLING MAY
WALK IN HIS SLEEP, TOO,

SINCE HIS
ACCIDENT WAS
APPARENTLY
PLANNED AS
DELIBERATELY
AS CORLISS,
IT'S WORTH
CHECKING
UP ON!

THIS IS THE
OFFICE OF
KLING & HUGGINS
---AND IN
WE GO!

RIGHT
WITH
YOU!

WOULDN'T IT BE
FUNNY IF WE
WAITED ALL NIGHT
AND NOTHING
HAPPENED?

SH-H-H-H! SOMEONE'S
AT THE DOOR---AND BY
THE SHAPE OF HIS SHADOW,
I'D SAY IT WAS KLING!

NOW?

NO!

BUT THAT STUFF HE TOOK
BELONGS TO HIS PARTNER
AS WELL AS HIM! ARE WE
GOING TO LET HIM GET
AWAY WITH IT?

ONLY 'TIL WE SEE
WHERE HE TAKES IT!

AT A RAMSHACKLE HOUSE IN THE SLUMS...

WONDER WHAT
KIND OF PLACE
THAT IS?

OH, IT'S YOU,
KLING! C'MON
IN!

I WOULDN'T BE
SURPRISED IF IT WAS THE
HIDEOUT OF BIFF BANNON
AND HIS MOB!

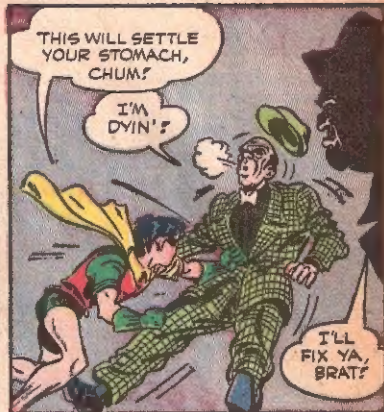
WHAT A SETUP!
DA CHUMPS ROB
DEMSelves AN'
BRING US DA
SWAG!

INSIDE...

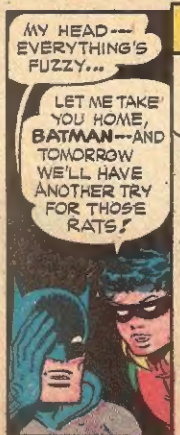
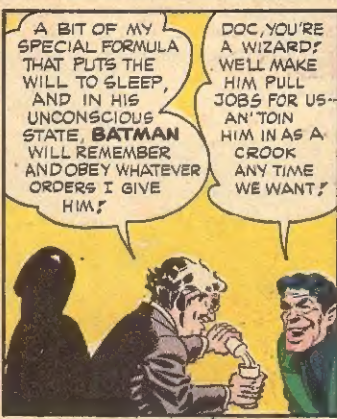
AN' DA DOC FIXES
IT SO DEY CONFESS TO
DA COPS, BUT CAN'T
REMEMBER WHAT DEY
DONE WIT' DA STUFF!

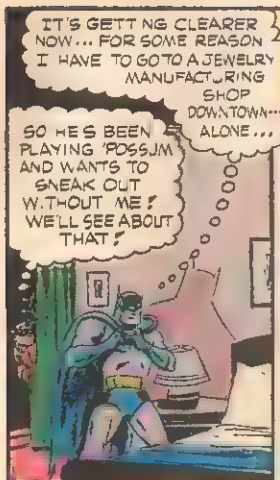
YEAH--- BUT I
AIN'T FELT RIGHT
SINCE **BATMAN**
SPOILED THINGS
WIT' CORLISS!

THE NEXT INSTANT...



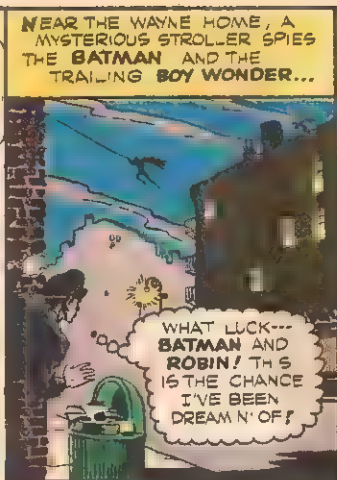
LEFT ALONE WITH THE CRIMINALS, **BATMAN** IS UNAWARE OF ANOTHER FIGURE THAT ENTERS THE ROOM STEALTHILY...





IT'S GETTING CLEARER NOW... FOR SOME REASON I HAVE TO GO TO A JEWELRY MANUFACTURING SHOP DOWNTOWN... ALONE...

SO HE'S BEEN PLAYING POSSUM AND WANTS TO SNEAK OUT WITHOUT ME? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



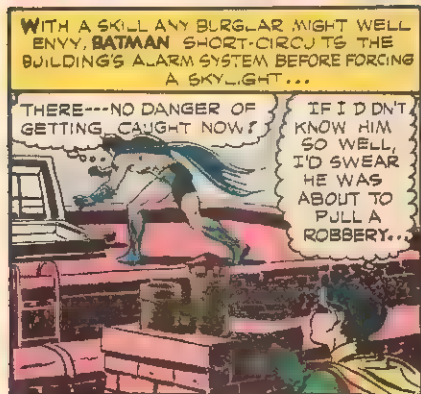
NEAR THE WAYNE HOME, A MYSTERIOUS STROLLER SPIES THE BATMAN AND THE TRAILING BOY WONDER...

WHAT LUCK--- BATMAN AND ROBIN! THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN DREAM N' OF!



SHADOWED BY A SHADOW WHO IS SHADOWED IN TURN, THE ACE CRIME-SMASHER GAINS THE ROOF OF A BUILDING CONTAINING SMALL FACTORIES...

WHAT A SURPRISE THEY HAVE COMING!

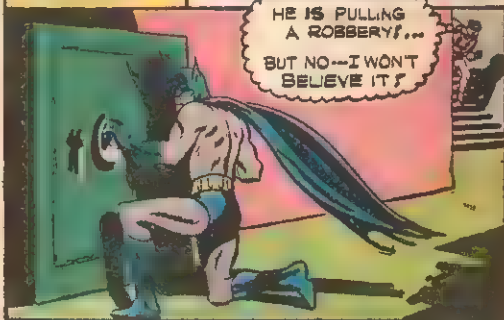


WITH A SKILL ANY BURGLAR MIGHT WELL ENVY, BATMAN SHORT-CIRCUITS THE BUILDING'S ALARM SYSTEM BEFORE FORCING A SKYLIGHT...

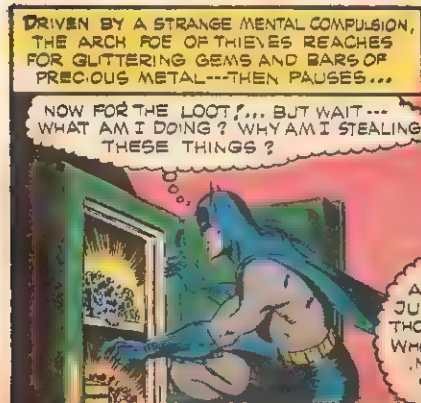
THERE---NO DANGER OF GETTING CAUGHT NOW!

IF I DIDN'T KNOW HIM SO WELL, I'D SWEAR HE WAS ABOUT TO PULL A ROBBERY...

IN A SHOP WHERE EXPENSIVE JEWELRY IS MADE, HIS FINGERS TURN THE DIAL OF A SAFE SLOWLY...

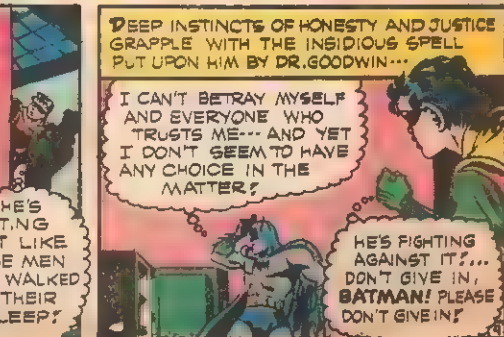


HE IS PULLING A ROBBERY!... BUT NO---I WON'T BELIEVE IT!



DRIVEN BY A STRANGE MENTAL COMPUSSION, THE ARCH Foe OF THIEVES REACHES FOR GUTTERING GEMS AND BARS OF PRECIOUS METAL---THEN PAUSES...

NOW FOR THE LOOT?... BUT WAIT... WHAT AM I DOING? WHY AM I STEALING THESE THINGS?



DEEP INSTINCTS OF HONESTY AND JUSTICE GRAPPLE WITH THE INSIDIOUS SPELL PUT UPON HIM BY DR. GOODWIN...

I CAN'T BETRAY MYSELF AND EVERYONE WHO TRUSTS ME--- AND YET I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY CHOICE IN THE MATTER!

HE'S ACTING JUST LIKE THOSE MEN WHO WALKED IN THEIR SLEEP!

HE'S FIGHTING AGAINST IT!... DON'T GIVE IN, BATMAN! PLEASE DON'T GIVE IN!

FINALLY...

NO! NOTHING CAN MAKE ME DO IT!...
HUH?... ROBIN?

I SUSPECTED SOMETHING WAS WRONG, AND FOLLOWED YOU BATMAN! WHAT WAS IT?

SOME POWERFUL IMPULSE URGED ME TO STEAL... IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED TO CORLESS AND KLING AFTER THEIR ACCIDENTS!

I WONDER IF DR. GOODWIN WAS AROUND AFTER YOU WERE HIT ON THE HEAD?

SUDDENLY...

CORRECT, YOUNG MAN... I WAS AROUND! UNFORTUNATELY, BATMAN HAS PROVED AN UNRESPONSIVE PATIENT!

GOODWIN... AND BIFF!

SO WE'RE GONNA COOL YA BOTH WIT' SLUGS, I'M HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE!

REALIZING THAT YOUR MENTAL RESISTANCE MIGHT BE GREATER THAN MOST PEOPLE'S, BATMAN, I DECIDED TO BE ON HAND! BIFF WILL HAVE TO COMPLETE THE ROBBERY, AFTER EXECUTING YOU!

BOTH DEM LITTLE CHORES LL BE A PLEASURE!

TRIGGER FINGERS GROW TENSE, AND THERE SEEMS NO ESCAPE FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO THIS TIME...

IT'S A PLEASURE YOU'LL PAY HIGH FOR, BIFF!

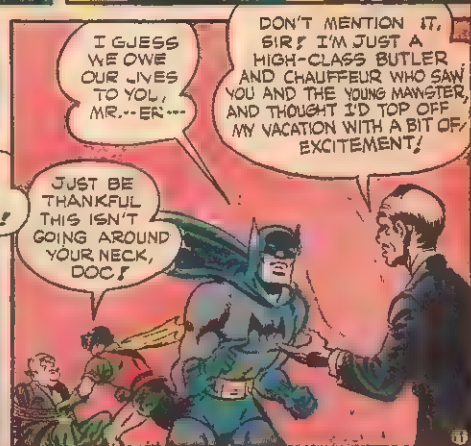
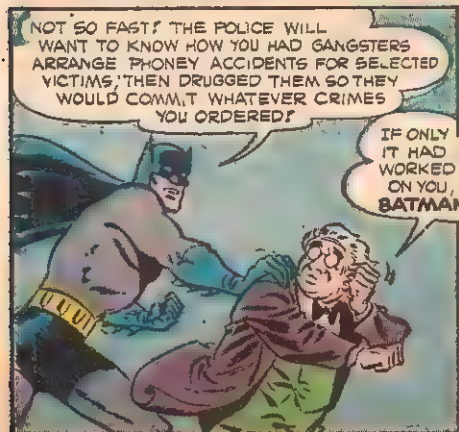
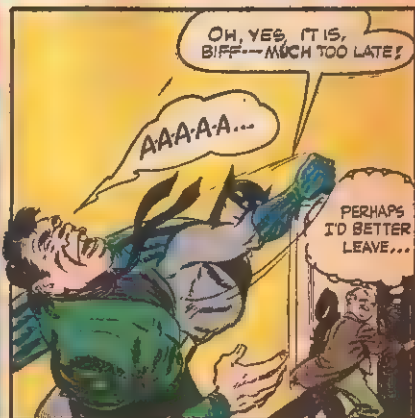
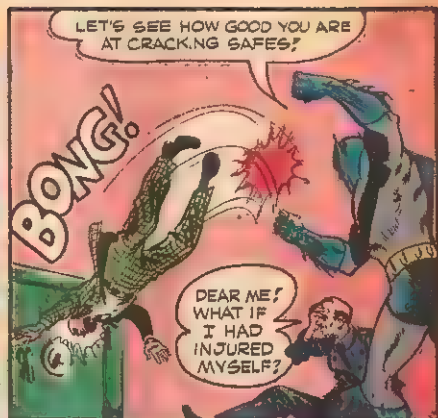
I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON DAT! READY, BOYS?

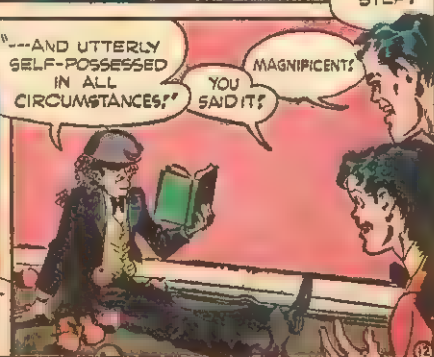
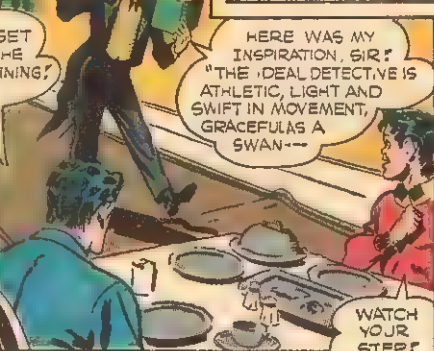
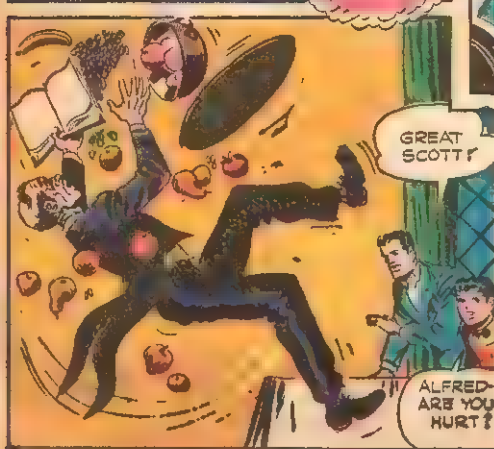
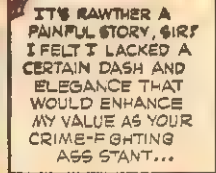
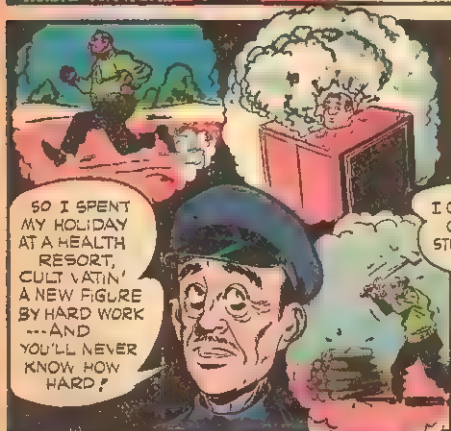
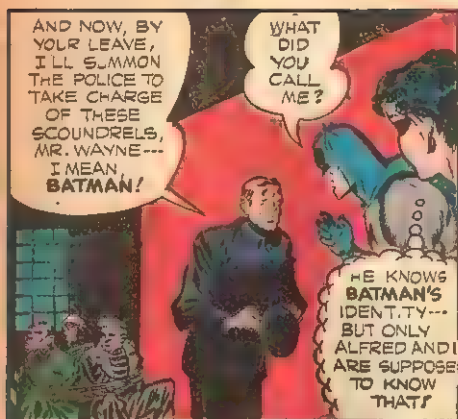
IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

BUT WHAT OF THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WHO HAS FOLLOWED BATMAN AND ROBIN?

A PERILOUS SITUATION! I MUST DESCEND WITH ALL POSSIBLE HASTE!

AND YET WITH SILENT CAUTION, SO AS TO TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE...
OOPS!





YOU'RE READY FOR ACTION!



WHEN YOU EAT LIKE A CHAMPION!

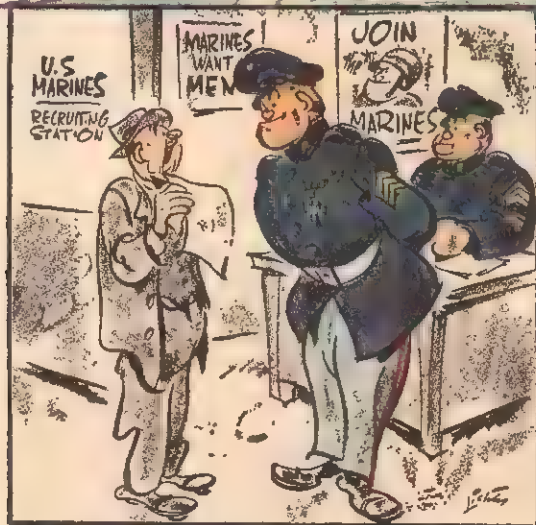
AND HERE'S the famous athlete's training dish that'll help you get ready for action tomorrow morning. Now that America needs champions, help yourself to milk and fruit and Wheaties—*"Breakfast of Champions."*

FOOD POWER! That's what Wheaties give you. *All* the widely known vital food power of real whole wheat.

You'll go for that "second-helping" flavor, too—the nut-sweet, toasted flavor that makes Wheaties a national favorite.

So eat like a champion every morning. Get going with a real *"Breakfast of Champions."* That's Wheaties, made by General Mills, Inc.

Hey, look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 409, Minneapolis, Minn. And send today!



"What does the draft board mean—'Get a case of Wheaties and report back in 30 days?'"

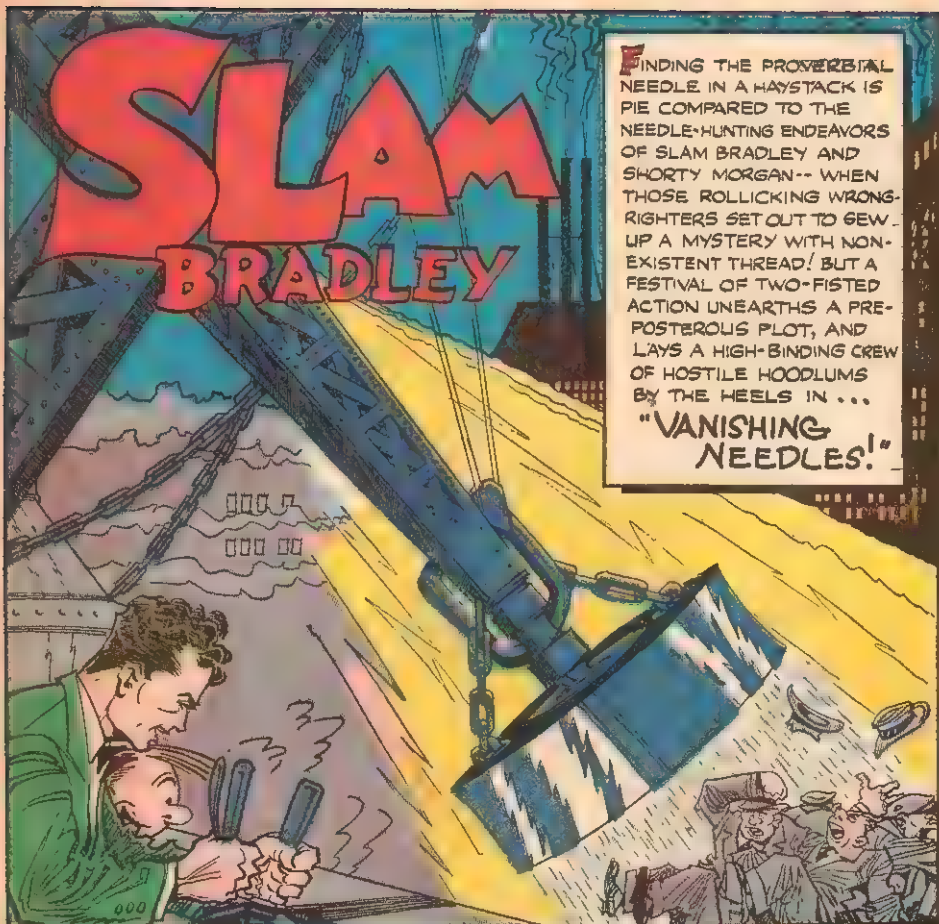


A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MILLS, INC.

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



FINDING THE PROVERBIAL NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK IS PIE COMPARED TO THE NEEDLE-HUNTING ENDEAVORS OF SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN-- WHEN THOSE ROLLICKING WRONG-RIGHTERS SET OUT TO GEW UP A MYSTERY WITH NON-EXISTENT THREAD! BUT A FESTIVAL OF TWO-FISTED ACTION UNEARTHS A PRE-POSTEROUS PLOT, AND LAYS A HIGH-BINDING CREW OF HOSTILE HOODLUMS BY THE HEELS IN ...
"VANISHING NEEDLES!"

MORNING-- AND SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, PARTNERS IN CRIME-CRACKING, STROLL THROUGH THE FACTORY DISTRICT...

IT'S NOT NOON YET AND THOSE MEN HAVE KNOCKED OFF! WHY, ON MY JOBS I WAS NEVER EVEN A CLOCK-WATCHER!

I KNOW-- YOU WERE A WHISTLE-LISTENER! THESE MEN DON'T LOOK LIKE LOAFERS, SHORTY!

HI, FELLAS! GOT YOUR WORK DONE AHEAD OF SCHEDULE, EH?

NOT US, MISTER! WE'RE MACHINISTS, AND THE PLACE IS SHORT OF TOOLING PARTS AGAIN!



SHORT OF PARTS, EH?
--HEY, LOOK AT THAT
CHAP DOWN THERE. HE
SEEMS SCARED OF US!

LOOKS LIKE A
GUY WITH A BAD
CONSCIENCE, --
THE KIND THAT
RUNS EVEN IF
NOBODY'S AFTER
HIM!

WONDER WHAT HE WAS
STOOPING FOR--THIS
LOOKS LIKE A PHONO-
GRAPH NEEDLE! WHY
SHOULD HE HAVE FELT
GUILTY PICKING IT UP?

PICK IT UP
YOURSELF AND
MAYBE YOU'LL
GET THE POINT!
HA, HA!

BUT SUDDENLY...

SOME FEAT,
EH, FRIEND?

ALWAYS GLAD TO
GIVE A LIFT TO A
LOUT!

THIS IS SO YOU WON'T
FEEL NEGLECTED!

I'M PUTTING MY
WHOLE SOLE INTO
THIS, YOU HEEL!

THERE THEY GO...
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE
IT WAS ALL ABOUT?

COULD IT POSSIBLY HAVE
BEEN THAT NEEDLE? --
LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

IT'S GONE, ALL RIGHT.
VERY STRANGE -- ALL
THAT FUSS OVER
SUCH AN INSIGNIFICANT
OBJECT!

THAT NEEDLE
HAS US STUCK-
AND WE HAVEN'T
A THREAD TO
GO ON!

I'M NOT SO SURE, SHRIMP...
THAT NEEDLE WASN'T REALLY
THE PHONOGRAPH KIND--AND
THOSE CROOKS WANTED IT
BAD! LET'S GET A PAPER!

LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE
IN A NEWS STACK, EH?

NEWSPAPERS

LOOK!-DIAMOND-POINTED
NEEDLES! THAT'S IT, RUN!
IT'S STILL ALL SCRAMBLED--
BUT BACK TO THE GARR
FACTORY WE GO!

CITY PRESS

GARR TOOL PLANT
AGAIN ROBBED!

THEFT OF DIAMOND-POINTED
PRECISION CUTTING TOOLS HALTS WORK
FOR THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK
THE GARR PRECISION TOOL CO.
HAS BEEN FORCED TO HALT
OPERATIONS...

A REWARD, MAYBE,
IF WE'RE UP TO SCRATCH
ON OUR NEEDLE WORK,
OLD SOCK!

LATER...CLOSETED WITH
THE MANAGER OF THE
GARR PLANT...

ALL WE KNOW IS WHAT
WE SAW IN THE NEWS-
PAPERS--AND WHAT I
TOLD YOU ABOUT THE
FIGHT WE HAD!

THE PAPERS CARRIED
THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY'S
THEFT--SINCE THEN WE GOT
IN A FRESH SUPPLY OF
NEEDLES, BUT THEY'VE
DISAPPEARED,
TOO!

THERE'S A SUBSTANTIAL
REWARD OUT! BUT THE MEN ARE
THOROUGHLY SEARCHED AT THE GATE,
AND THE FENCE IS WATCHED AGAINST
ANY OBJECT BEING THROWN OVER
IT. SO I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU CAN
DO!

IT'S A TOUGH
PROBLEM ALL
RIGHT!

WELL, WE'LL SEE WHAT
WE --- HUH? WHAT IS IT?

HEY, SLAM!

C'MERE!-QUICK!
SOMETHING'S DARN QUEER!

THAT'S AN ELECTRO-
MAGNET LOOK--IT'S
SWINGING OUT TOWARD
THE FENCE--HMM
I'VE GOT IT

WHEN THAT MAN THERE,
WALKED UNDER THAT CRANE,
HIS HAIR STOOD RIGHT UP
ON END!

THE NEEDLES ARE HIDDEN
IN THE MAN'S HAIR AND THE
ELECTRO-MAGNET DRAWS IT
UP WHEN THE FELLOW
PASSES UNDERNEATH!

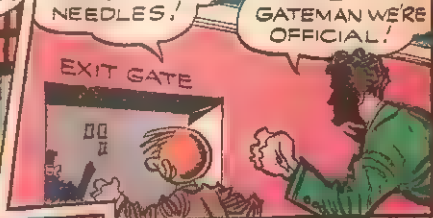
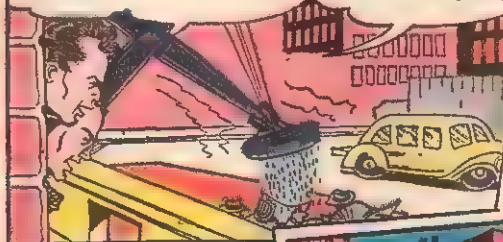
THE CRANE OPERATOR HAS CUT THE CURRENT! NOW SO THAT THE NEEDLES WILL FALL OFF!—THEY'RE PICKING 'EM UP! LET'S GO!

WHY—THAT MAN WHO HAD THE NEEDLES IN HIS HAIR WAS JENKS, MY STOCK CLERK!

SECONDS LATER...

THIS TIME THEY'LL BE STUCK WITH THEIR OWN NEEDLES!

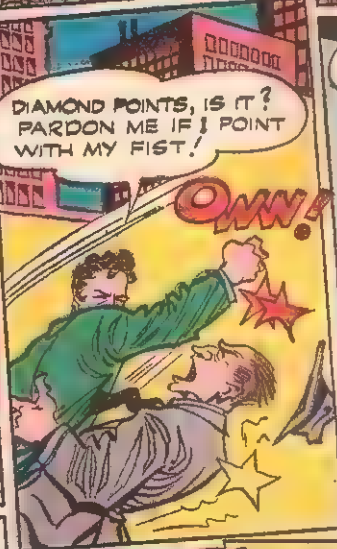
YOU'VE GOT ME IN STITCHES, MOLECULE! FASTER, AND TELL THE GATEMAN WE'RE OFFICIAL!



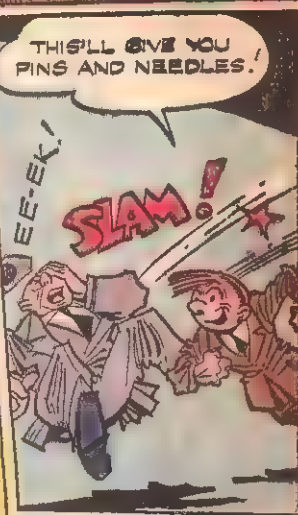
THE CRANE MAN WARNED THEM BEFORE HE SKIPPED! THEY'RE SET FOR US!

I'LL UN-SET THEM!

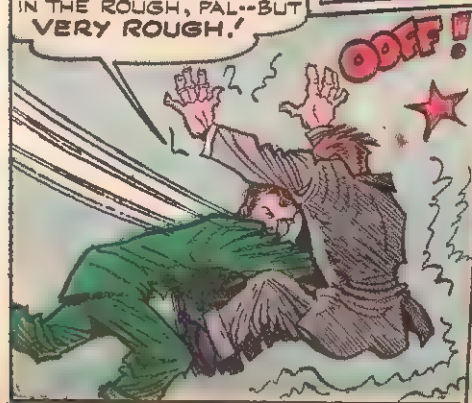
DIAMOND POINTS, IS IT? PARDON ME IF I POINT WITH MY FIST!



THIS'LL GIVE YOU PINS AND NEEDLES!



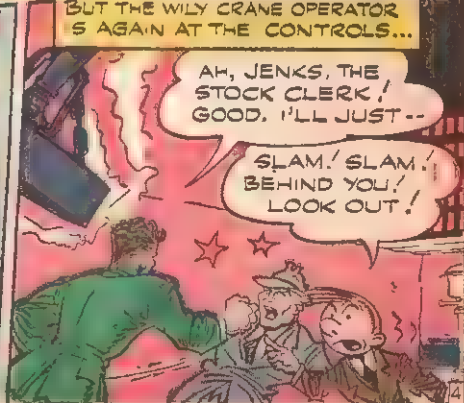
WE'RE JUST DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH, PAL—BUT VERY ROUGH!



BUT THE WILY CRANE OPERATOR IS AGAIN AT THE CONTROLS...

AH, JENKS, THE STOCK CLERK! GOOD. I'LL JUST--

SLAM! SLAM! BEHIND YOU! LOOK OUT!



TOO LATE! THE STALWART
RACKET-RAIDER IS FELLE
BY A GLANCING BLOW!

BELAY, MEN! THAT DOES IT!
TH' WART CAN'T STOP US
ALONE!

TO THE
CAR!

YOU ROTTEN
CROOKS!

YOU'LL PAY
FOR THIS!



A-H-H-- OH-O-O--
WHAT A JOLT! I COULDN'T
DODGE IT IN TIME!
THEY'RE GONE, I SUP-
POSE!

YEP.. JENKS..
CRANE OPERATOR..
ALL OF 'EM! AND
NOT AN IOTA TO
TRACE THEM
BY!

IF WE HAD A LEAD
WE'D BE LAYING HANDS
ON THEM
SOON
ENOUGH!

OH-O-O, MY
HEAD!--HEY!
REPEAT THAT!
IT--IT REMINDS
ME OF SOME-
THING!

THAT KONK KNOCKED YOU SPIN-
DIZZY, BUT OKAY, I SAID: "IF WE
HAD A LEAD WE'D BE LAYING--

THAT'S IT! "BE LAYING"! JUST
WHEN I WAS HIT, ONE OF THEM
SAID, "BELAY"--WHICH MEANS,
THERE'S A SAILOR IN THAT
GANG! TO THE WHARVES
MY LITTLE
BIG-WIG!

SWAP!

LATER, AFTER A FRUITLESS COMBING
OF DISMAL WATER-FRONT DIVES...

IT'S NO GOOD! WE'VE VISITED FIFTY
PLACES. IT'S AS IF THE EARTH SWALLOWED
THEM-- AND SPEAKING OF SWALLOWING--

I KNOW-- YOU WANT TO SWALLOW
SOME FOOD. MAYBE MY HUNCH
WAS WRONG, MY SUB-SIZED
ASSOCIATE!

BUT JUST WHEN THE SEARCH SEEMS HOPELESS...

LOOK! JENKS! WEASELING
INTO THAT DIVE.

YOUR HUNCH
WAS RIGHT!



HE'S GONE INTO A BACK ROOM, NO DOUBT... WE'LL STALL AROUND FOR A BREAK!

GOOD PLACE TO STALL-- LOOKS LIKE A STABLE!

WHAT'LL IT BE, GENTS?

COFFEE!

DITTO!

P-S-ST! IT IS A PHONEY! THE COUNTERMAN'S DROPPING PILLS IN OUR COFFEE, WHILE OUR ATTENTION'S DISTRACTED! LOOK, IN THAT MIRROR!

LOOKS LIKE A SCRAP!

IT LOOKS PHONEY! I THINK JENKS SPOTTED US!

I SEE--WAD'LL WE DO?

YOU WIN! I QUIT!

NOW I'LL CREATE A DIVERSION... YOU DUMP THE COFFEE--LATER WE PRETEND TO DRINK IT-- THEN FEIGN SLEEP!

OK! THEN THEY'LL TAKE US TO THEIR HANG-OUT-- BUT WE'LL BE OKAY FOR ACTION! GOTCHA, BIG BOY!

SLAM'S VERSION OF A DIVERSION SURE TAKES EXERTION!

HELP! I SLIPPED!

HAW-HAW, TH' GOOF!

SLEW FOOT! HAW-HAW!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

WHAT A PAIR OF GOONIES!

AND SOON THEY ARE SIMULATING
DRUGGED SLUMBER ...

OUT LIKE A COUPLE OF
BUSTED BINNACLE
LIGHTS!

GET JENKS
FROM THE BACK!
AND GET THE SPEED-
BOAT READY!

Z-Z-Z-
Z-Z-Z-
Z-Z-Z-

GOOD WORK, MEN.
THE SHIP'S WAITING.
HURRY!

THEY'RE AS GOOD
AS ABOARD AW!
READY, MR. JENKS!

SHORTLY, THE POSSUM-PLAYING
PAIR FIND THEMSELVES IN A
POWERFUL SPEED BOAT...

ONCE OUT AT SEA, WE'LL
WEIGHT THE SNOOPERS,
TOSS 'EM OVERBOARD, AND
THAT'LL BE TH' LAST OF
TH' MEDDLERS!

THERE'S
THE SHIP! GOOD!

AND HAVING ASSURED THEM-
SELVES OF THE GANG'S
FINAL HEADQUARTERS...

GOOD, IS RIGHT! AN' KEEL-
HAUL ME, MATEYS, IF I DON'T
HALF-KEEL THE LOT OF YOU!

I'M GOING TO
THROW JENKS OVER THE
SIDE, AND THEN THROW
THE LAUNCH AT HIM!

WHA...
THEY'RE UP!

NAUTICAL TERMS FASCINATE
ME-- LIKE BLOCK AND
TACKLE! YOU TRY TO
BLOCK WHILE I TACKLE!

OOFF!
SOCK!

ME, TOO! I'M HANGING
A BOOM ON JENKS'
BOWSPRIT!

THE MADLY CAREENING SPEED
BOAT ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION
OF THE HARBOR PATROL...

LOOK!-- THAT BOAT'S
OUT OF CONTROL!

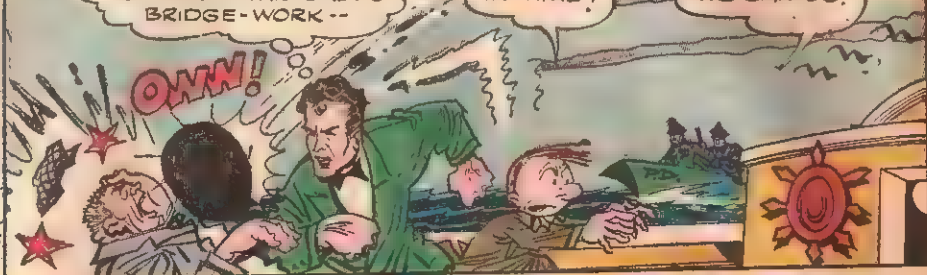
AFTER IT!

BUT A CATASTROPHIC
CRASH SEEMS IMMINENT...

I'VE GOT ABOUT TWO
SECONDS-- ONE SECOND TO
POLISH OFF THIS BABY'S
BRIDGE-WORK --

I CAN'T REACH
THE WHEEL
IN TIME!

THEY'LL CRASH!!
THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO!



WHEN IN THE NICK OF TIME...

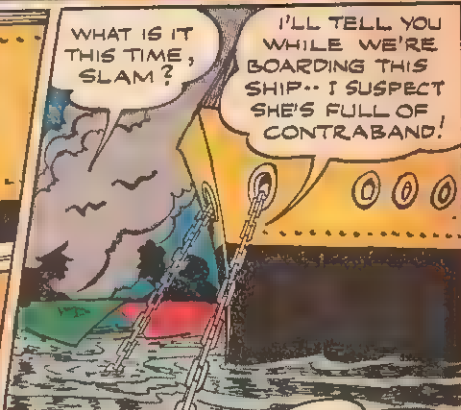
-- AND ONE SECOND
TO GRAB THIS WHEEL--
A-A-AH! I MADE IT!

SAVED!



WHAT IS IT
THIS TIME,
SLAM?

I'LL TELL YOU
WHILE WE'RE
BOARDING THIS
SHIP-- I SUSPECT
SHE'S FULL OF
CONTRABAND!



AND WHEN SLAM HAS BROUGHT THE
POLICE UP TO DATE IN THE BIZARRE TALE...

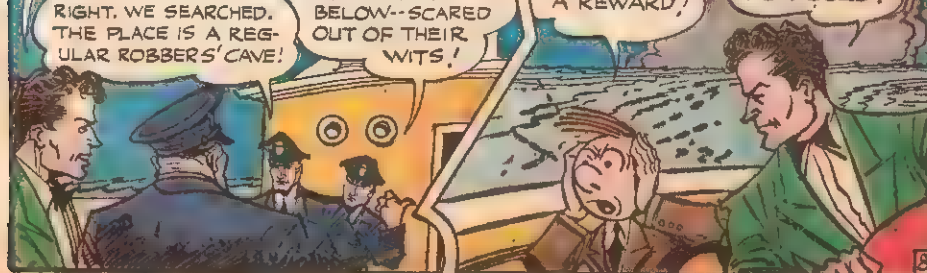
-- SO THAT'S THE STORY, LIEUTENANT. BUT
AS I SAID, I THINK THE SHIP'S FULL OF STUFF,
PEDDLED ILLEGALLY TO COASTAL TOWNS AT
CUT RATES!

SLAM'S
RIGHT. WE SEARCHED.
THE PLACE IS A REG-
ULAR ROBBERS' CAVE!

THE REST OF THE
GANG WAS HIDING
BELOW-- SCARED
OUT OF THEIR
WITS!

WELL, THE COPS
HAVE THE HOODS
IN TOW AND--
GOOD GRIEF!
WE FORGOT TO
ASK THE FACTORY
IF THERE WAS
A REWARD!

CALM YOURSELF,
MY LITTLE PALADIN--
THERE ARE ENOUGH
REWARDS TAPPED
TO THIS SHIP'S
LOOT TO ASSUAGE
EVEN YOUR GREED
FOR GOLD!



THE

CRIMSON AVENGER



REPORTERS, YOU MAY HAVE HEARD, ARE A CYNICAL LOT! THEY'VE SEEN AND HEARD EVERYTHING...AND THEIR ILLUSIONS ABOUT HUMAN NATURE HAVE LONG BEEN WORN THIN! BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BETRAYING THE LAW AND WORKING IN CAGING THE VICIOUS CRIMINALS, CYNICISM ENDS AND TREACHERY BEGINS... AND WING AND THE CRIMSON AVENGER MUST MOVE IN TO COMBAT THE...
"EIGHTH COLUMN!"

IN THE PRESS ROOM OF THE GLOBE-LEADER, EDITOR LEE TRAVIS STUDES A NEWS-PAPER STILL DAMP WITH PRINTERS' INK...

HMM... BELLS TINKLER'S LUCK IS STILL HOLDING OUT!

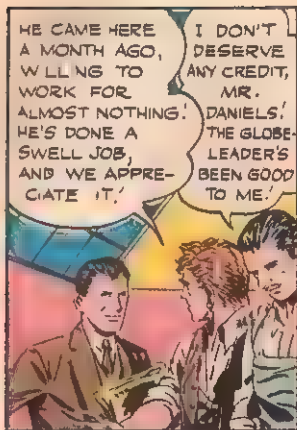
SURE... HE GETS AWAY WITH A LOT OF SWELL HAULS, AND THE COPS CAN'T FIND A CLUE! BUT IF YOU ASK ME, MR. TRAVIS, IT ISN'T LUCK!



THERE'S DIRTY POLITICS AT WORK! THOSE COPS DON'T WANT TO FIND TINKLER!

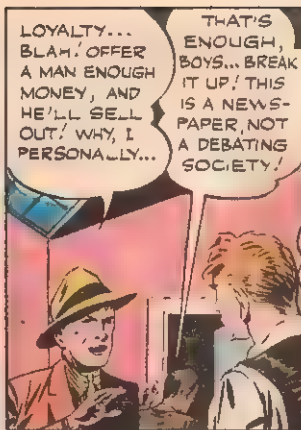
CYNICAL, AREN'T YOU, SPARGO? DON'T BELIEVE A MAN CAN BE FAITHFUL TO HIS JOB, DO YOU? WELL, BLIVINS HERE IS PROOF TO THE CONTRARY!





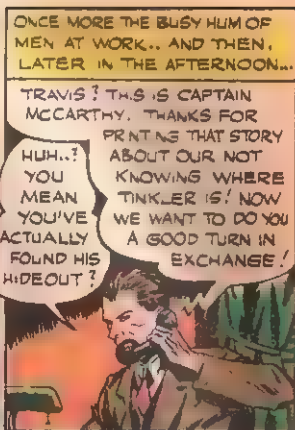
HE CAME HERE
A MONTH AGO,
WILLING TO
WORK FOR
ALMOST NOTHING.
HE'S DONE A
SWELL JOB,
AND WE APPRE-
CIATE IT.

I DON'T
DESERVE
ANY CREDIT,
MR.
DANIELS!
THE GLOBE-
LEADER'S BEEN GOOD
TO ME.



LOYALTY...
BLAM! OFFER
A MAN ENOUGH
MONEY, AND
HE'LL SELL
OUT! WHY, I
PERSONALLY...

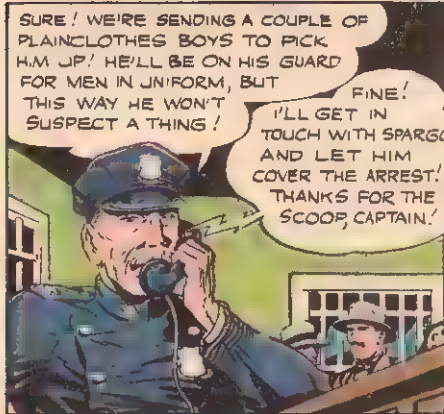
THAT'S
ENOUGH,
BOYS... BREAK
IT UP! THIS
IS A NEWS-
PAPER, NOT
A DEBATING
SOCIETY!



ONCE MORE THE BUSY HUM OF
MEN AT WORK... AND THEN,
LATER IN THE AFTERNOON...

TRAVIS? THIS IS CAPTAIN
MCCARTHY. THANKS FOR
PRINTING THAT STORY
ABOUT OUR NOT
KNOWING WHERE
TINKLER IS! NOW
WE WANT TO DO YOU
A GOOD TURN IN
EXCHANGE!

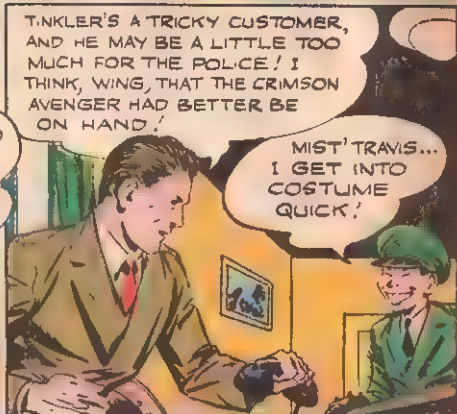
HUH...?
YOU
MEAN
YOU'VE
ACTUALLY
FOUND HIS
HIDEOUT?



SURE! WE'RE SENDING A COUPLE OF
PLAINCLOTHES BOYS TO PICK
HIM UP! HE'LL BE ON HIS GUARD
FOR MEN IN UNIFORM, BUT
THIS WAY HE WON'T
SUSPECT A THING!

FINE!

I'LL GET IN
TOUCH WITH SPARGO
AND LET HIM
COVER THE ARREST!
THANKS FOR THE
SCOOP, CAPTAIN!



TINKLER'S A TRICKY CUSTOMER,
AND HE MAY BE A LITTLE TOO
MUCH FOR THE POLICE! I
THINK, WING, THAT THE CRIMSON
AVENGER HAD BETTER BE
ON HAND!

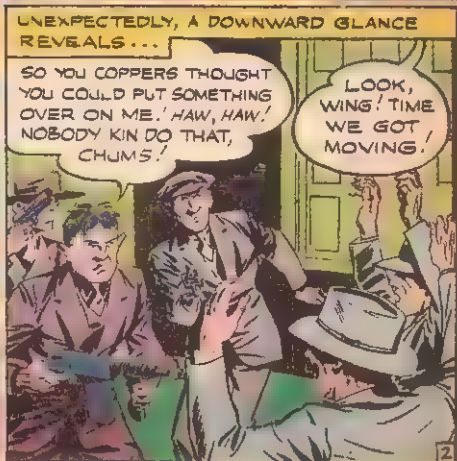
MIST' TRAVIS...
I GET INTO
COSTUME
QUICK!



MUCH LATER, THE CRIMSON CRIME-CRUSHER
AND HIS FAITHFUL ALLY NEAR A RENDEZVOUS
WITH DANGEROUS CRIMINALS!

THERE'S THE
HOTEL WHERE
TINKLER'S
STAYING!

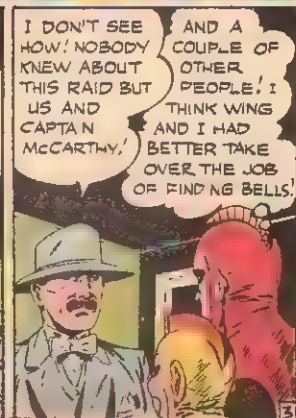
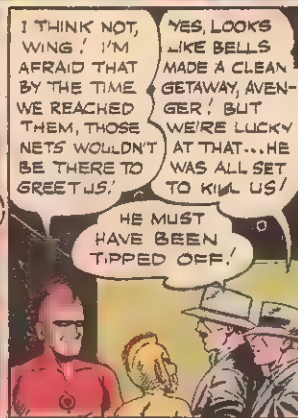
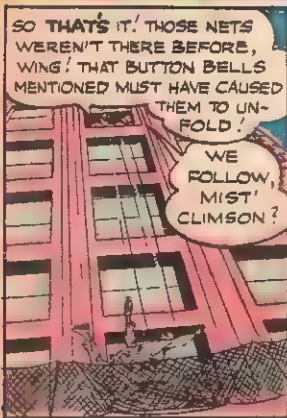
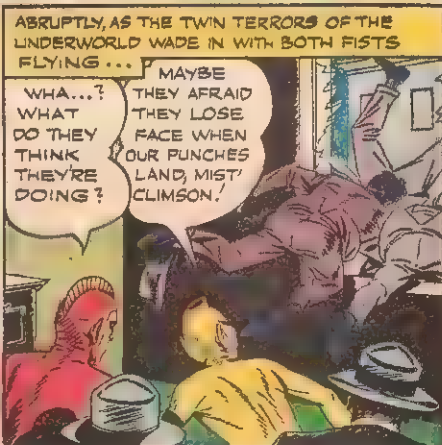
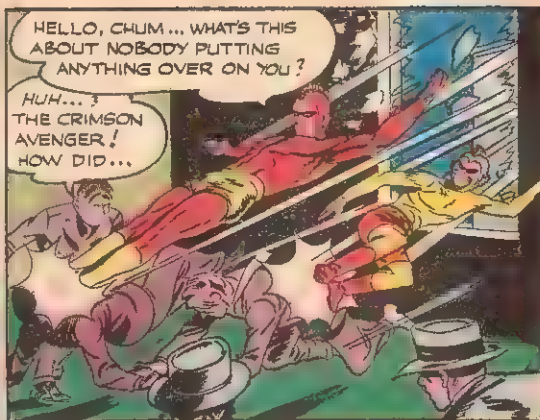
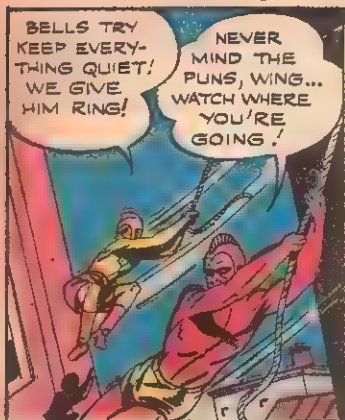
NO SIGN OF
EXCITEMENT YET,
MIST' CLIMSON!



UNEXPECTEDLY, A DOWNWARD GLANCE
REVEALS...

SO YOU COPPERS THOUGHT
YOU COULD PUT SOMETHING
OVER ON ME! HAW, HAW!
NOBODY KIN DO THAT,
CHUMS!

LOOK,
WING! TIME
WE GOT
MOVING!



PRESENTLY, AFTER THE POLICE HAVE DEPARTED...

WING, I'LL HAVE TO CHECK UP WITH MCCARTHY, FIND OUT WHETHER HE TOLD ANYBODY BUT ME ABOUT THE RAID! BECAUSE IF HE DIDN'T...

THAT MEAN SPARGO TIP OFF CROOKS? HMM, FUNNY SPARGO NOT SHOW UP! HE SUPPOSED TO COVER ARREST!

A QUICK PHONE CALL TO HEAD-QUARTERS...

WELL, YES, AVENGER, I DID MENTION THE RAID TO SOMEBODY ELSE... MR. TRAVIS! HE SAID HE'D LET SPARGO COVER IT!

YOU'RE SURE HE'S THE ONLY ONE YOU SPOKE TO?

ABSOLUTELY! BUT I DON'T TRUST THIS SPARGO... SOME OF THE BOYS HAVE SEEN HIM HANGING OUT WITH CROOKS OF LATE... I HOPE HE DIDN'T LET ANYTHING SLIP!

I HOPE NOT, THANKS CAPTAIN!

SO SPARGO IN WITH CROOKS! BUT HOW WE PROVE? WING NOT SEE WAY!

I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER WING! IF WE ACT FAST, WHILE HE'S STILL UPSET ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, WE MAY MAKE THE TRAITOR BETRAY HIMSELF!

PRESENTLY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLOBE-LEADER...

ANOTHER CALL FOR MR. TRAVIS! THAT'S ONE THING I DON'T LIKE ABOUT BEING EDITOR! YOU SPEND HALF YOUR DAY ON THE PHONE!

RRRRINGG.

TRAVIS AIN'T THERE? WELL, TELL 'IM WE PICKED UP TINKLER'S TRAIL TO HIS NEW HIDEOUT! WE'LL MAKE THAT ARREST TONIGHT AFTER ALL!

OKAY, I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF IT!

OUTSIDE THE GLOBE-LEADER BUILDING...

WING, WHEN I MADE THAT CALL, I HEARD A CLICK OVER THE WIRE! SOMEBODY ELSE HAD TAPPED MY PHONE AND WAS LISTENING IN! AND THERE HE IS LEAVING TO REPORT!

SPARGO DIRTY EIGHTH COLUMNIST! BUT WE FOLLOW, SEE WHERE HE GO!

AND NOW A LONG, SKILLFUL PURSUIT THROUGH THAT MODERN JUNGLE... A GREAT CITY! THROUGH THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT, PAST THE SLUMS, AND EVENTUALLY...

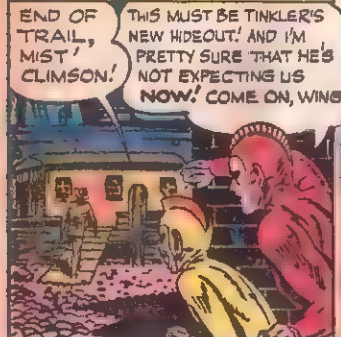
END OF TRAIL, MIST' CLIMSON!

THIS MUST BE TINKLER'S NEW HIDEOUT! AND I'M PRETTY SURE THAT HE'S NOT EXPECTING US NOW! COME ON, WING!

TWO STEALTHY FIGURES STEAL INTO THE ANCHORED CRAFT... WHEN UNEXPECTEDLY...

HUH...? LOOK LIKE RATS TRY LEAVE SINKING SHIP!

THEM GUYS AGAIN! HOW'D THEY FOLLOW US HERE?

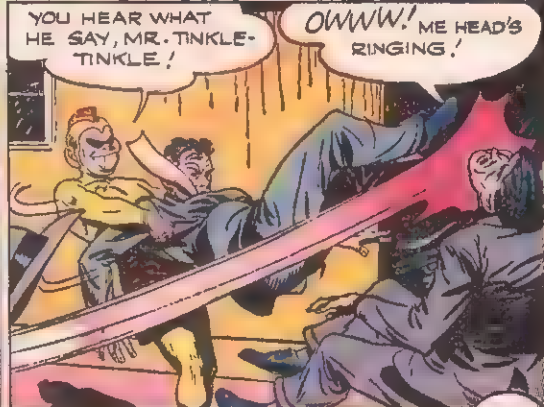
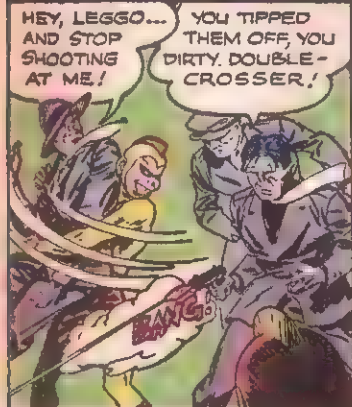


HEY, LEGGO... AND STOP SHOOTING AT ME!

YOU TIPPED THEM OFF, YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER!

YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAY, MR. TINKLE-TINKLE!

OWWWW! ME HEAD'S RINGING!



AS HIS FAITHFUL ALLY SWINGS INTO ACTION, THE SCARLET SCOURGE OF CRIME DISPOSES EFFICIENTLY OF THE CRIMINAL'S COMPANION!

ONE GOOD DIP DESERVES ANOTHER!

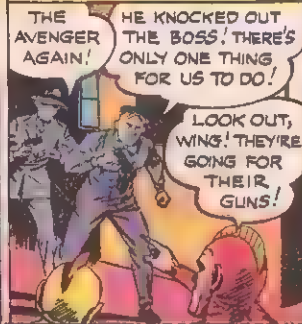
EEEEH!

NEXT MOMENT, AS THE COMRADES IN COMBAT SWEEP ON TO BIGGER AND BETTER COMBINED OPERATIONS...

THE AVENGER AGAIN!

HE KNOCKED OUT THE BOSS! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR US TO DO!

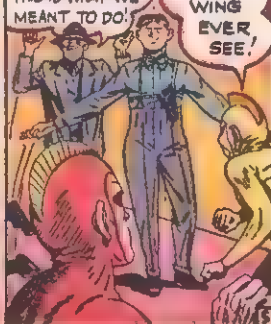
LOOK OUT, WING! THEY'RE GOING FOR THEIR GUNS!



UNEXPECTEDLY...

DON'T HIT US, AVENGER... WE SURRENDER! THIS IS WHAT WE MEANT TO DO!

HMM, VERY CLEVER CROOKS ...CLEVEREST WING EVER SEE!



QUICKLY KNOTTED ROPES BIND THE CRIMINALS, AND THEN...

ALL CROOKS DESERVE TO GO TO PRISON... BUT THIS ONE WORST OF ALL! HE DOUBLE-CROSSER!

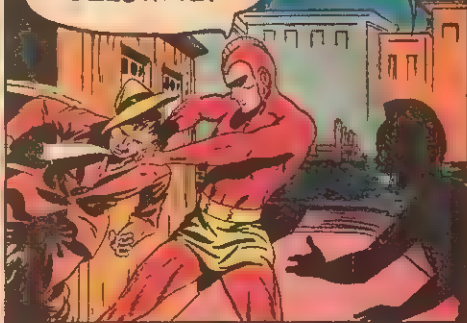
HEY, CUT THAT OUT.

PUT HIM DOWN, WING! YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE!



HERE'S THE MAN WE WANT! HE WORE A HAT LIKE SPARGO'S, SO YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SPARGO WE WERE FOLLOWING!

HUH...? BLIVINS!



AND HOW! I REALIZED THIS EVENING THAT HE'D BEEN TAPPING LEE TRAVIS' PRIVATE WIRE. I UNDERSTOOD THEN WHY HE WAS SO ANXIOUS TO GET A JOB WITH THE GLOBE-LEADER!

A NEWSPAPER GETS ADVANCE INFORMATION ON MANY IMPORTANT ITEMS! REMEMBER THOSE ROBBERIES BELLS PULLED THIS PAST MONTH? BLIVINS MUST HAVE TIPPED HIM OFF!

AND TODAY HE TELL HIM POLICE KNOW HIDEOUT! WING SEE NOW! BUT WHAT SPARGO DO HERE?

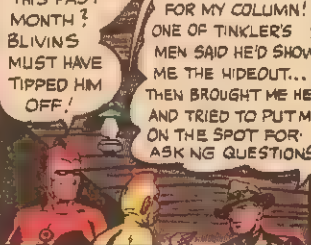
I WAS TRYING TO GET AN ITEM FOR MY COLUMN! ONE OF TINKLER'S MEN SAID HE'D SHOW ME THE HIDEOUT... THEN BROUGHT ME HERE AND TRIED TO PUT ME ON THE SPOT FOR ASKING QUESTIONS!

LATER!

WELL, SPARGO, LEARNING ABOUT BLIVINS MUST HAVE MADE YOU MORE CYNICAL THAN EVER! NOW YOU MUST BE SURE THAT ALL MEN CAN BE BOUGHT!

NO, MR. TRAVIS, NOW I REALIZE THAT THERE ARE HONEST MEN! TAKE THE CRIMSON AVENGER, FOR INSTANCE...

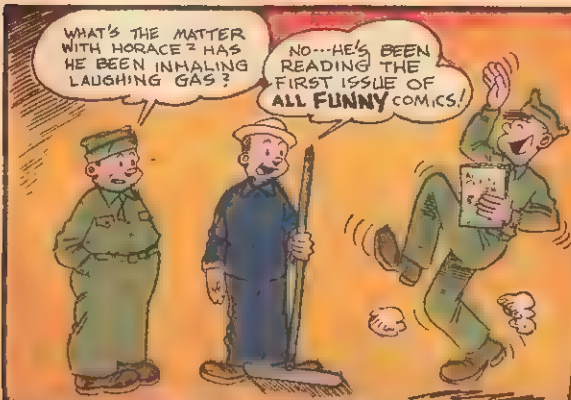
HMM, YOU LEARNING, MIST SPARGO?



FOR TOP-NOTCH CRIMSON AVENGER ADVENTURES READ DETECTIVE COMICS

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HORACE? HAS HE BEEN INHALING LAUGHING GAS?

NO...HE'S BEEN READING THE FIRST ISSUE OF ALL FUNNY COMICS!



NOW ON SALE!

ALL FUNNY COMICS





BART REGAN FOUND A THOUSAND NEW-MADE BROTHERS... AND THEN DEATH STRUCK ONE OF THE THOUSAND, AND THE NEMESIS OF NAZI AGENTS KNEW IT WAS UP TO HIM TO TRAIL THE WILY KILLER! AND THOUGH NOT EVEN THE RED MEN COULD FOLLOW WHERE FOOTPRINTS FAILED, IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE ACE SPYCATCHER HAD THE INDIAN SIGN ON THE MEN WHO HAD OVERLOOKED...

**"THE MESSAGE OF
'THE MOCCASINS!'"**

THE WAR DRUM BOOMS... AND FIERCE REDSKINS BRANDISH TOMAHAWKS NEAR UNARMED WHITE MAN...



THEN...

BECAUSE OF YOUR GREAT SERVICES TO OUR COUNTRY, BART REGAN, I MAKE YOU AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THIS TRIBE! NOW WE ARE ALL BROTHERS!

I APPRECIATE THE HONOR VERY MUCH, CHIEF 'BIG MOOSE'!

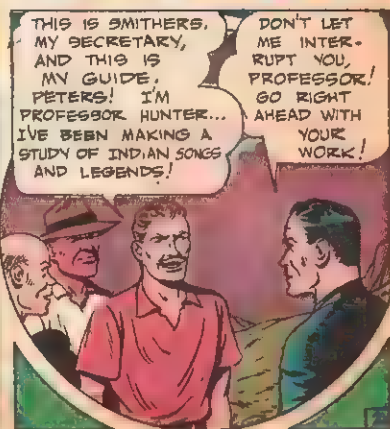
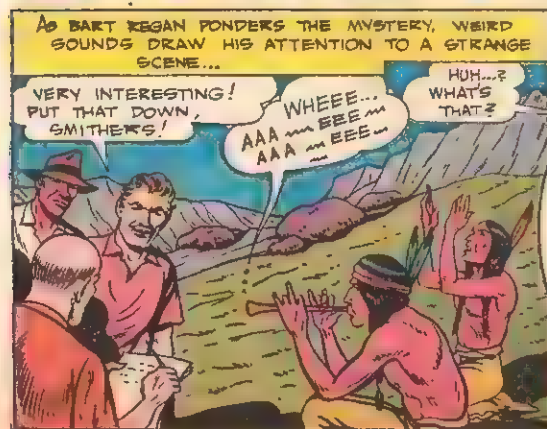
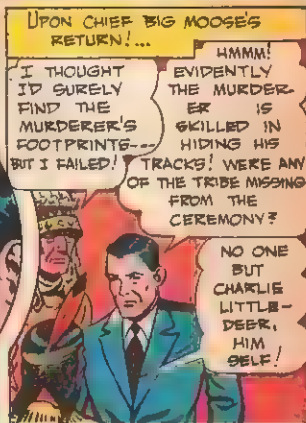
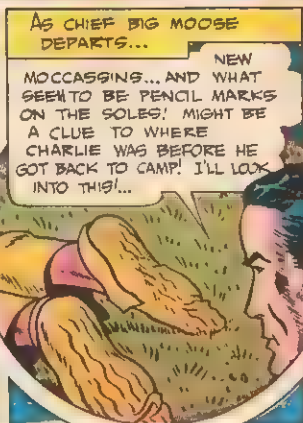
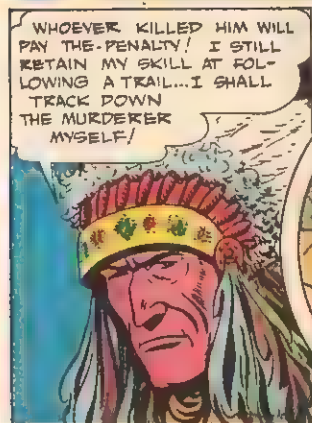
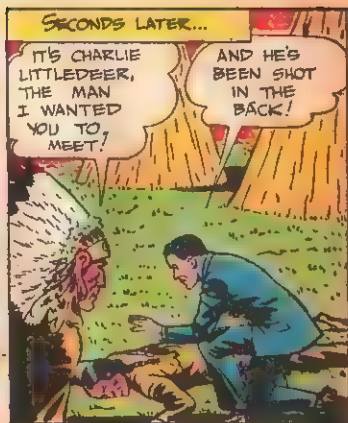
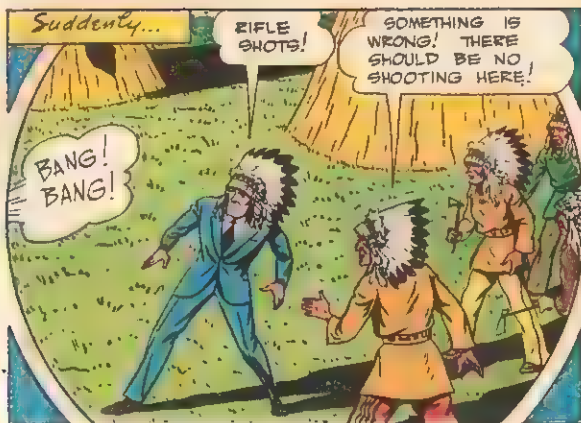


AFTER THE CEREMONY...

I'LL ALWAYS BE PROUD OF BELONGING TO A TRIBE THAT HAS BEEN AMERICAN FOR 90 MANY YEARS!

WE MAY BE CENTURIES OLD, BUT WE'RE MODERN TOO! I WANT YOU TO MEET CHARLIE LITTLE-DEER, WHO'S A SCIENTIST!





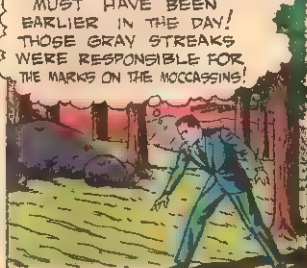
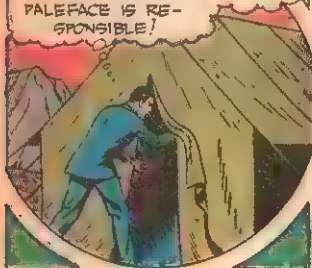
WHILE THE EERIE MUSIC
WAILS MOURNEFULLY...

NO TRIBESMAN COULD
HAVE KILLED LITTLEDEER!
I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK AT
THE PROFESSOR'S TENT
AND SEE IF PERHAPS A
PALEFACE IS RE-
SPONSIBLE!

HMMM...A DEFINITE ODOR
OF BURNT POWDER/ THIS
RIFLE WAS FIRED RECENTLY,
YET NO CARTRIDGES ARE
MISSING! AND THOSE
TWO SHOTS WERE THE
ONLY ONES FIRED! THIS
RIFLE WAS USED TO KILL
LITTLEDEER, THEN RE-
LOADED!

LIKE A BLOODHOUND ON
THE SCENT, THE ACE SPY-
CATCHER PURSUES THE CLUES
WHICH WILL DRAW A NOOSE
ABOUT THE GUILTY
MAN...

AND
HERES WHERE CHARLIE
MUST HAVE BEEN
EARLIER IN THE DAY!
THOSE GRAY STREAKS
WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE MARKS ON THE MOCCASINGS!



I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND
THE MOTIVE FOR HIS
MURDER! AND I THINK
I KNOW WHO KILLED
HIM, TOO!



LOOK OUT, BART REGAN!...

A VICIOUS ARM SWOOPS DOWN, BUT
HAWK EYES SIGHT A DARTING SHADOW AND...



UGH...I FEEL
DIZZY ...LUCKY
THAT WAS A
GLANCING BLOW.

I MUST HAVE PRACTISED THAT A
THOUSAND TIMES... I CAN
ALMOST DO IT IN MY
SLEEP...



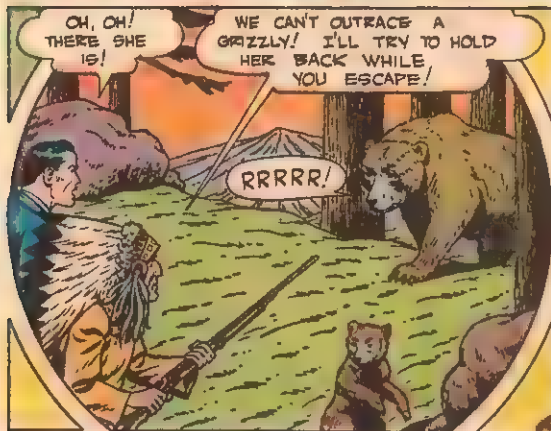
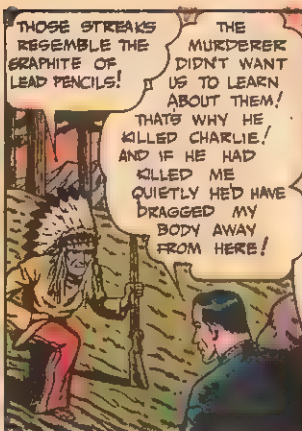
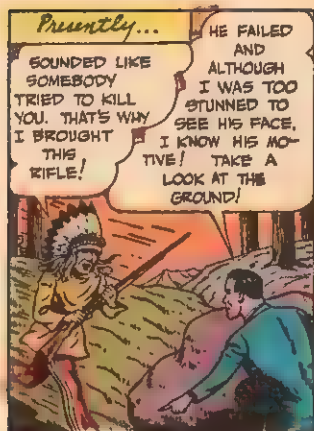
Next moment ...

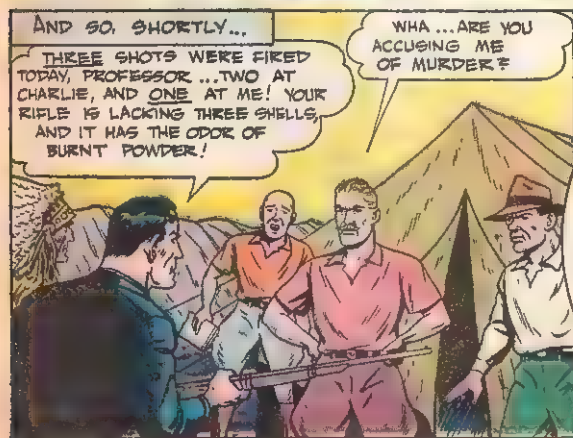
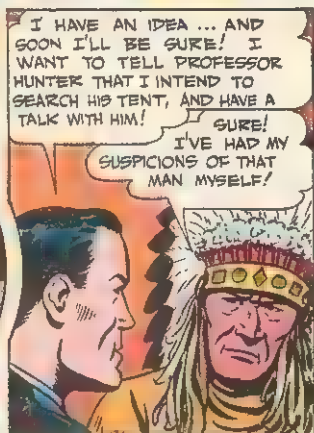
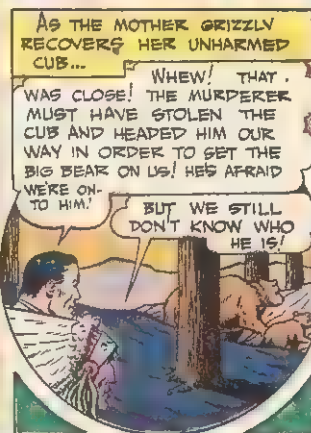
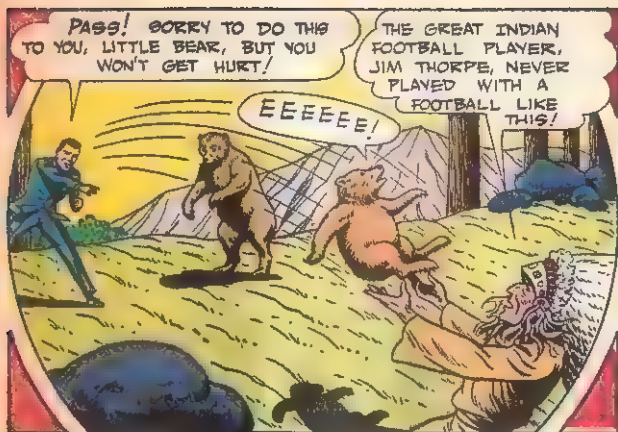
HE WANTED TO KILL ME
QUIETLY, BUT I'VE FORCED
HIM TO SHOOT! HE'S
TOO LATE, THOUGH!

BANG

PING!







...IF YOU WON'T STAND FOR IT, SIT DOWN! AND LISTEN! THAT RIFLE PROVES YOU'RE INNOCENT, NOT GUILTY!

HUH?

I EXAMINED YOUR RIFLE EARLIER AND FOUND IT FULLY LOADED, BUT THE MURDERER DIDN'T KNOW I EXAMINED IT! AND WHEN HE HEARD I WAS GOING TO SEARCH THE TENT, HE REMOVED THE CARTRIDGES TO FRAME YOU!

HUNTER ISN'T THE KILLER EITHER ... THERE ARE NO PENCIL MARKS ON HIS SHOES! YOU, PETERS, AND THE PROFESSOR, HAVE THE MARKS BECAUSE YOU WALKED ON THE GROUND WHERE CHARLIE MADE HIS DISCOVERY!

HEY, LEGGO MY LEG!

THE PROFESSOR WOULDN'T FRAME HIMSELF ... THAT LEAVES YOU, PETERS! I FIRST SUSPECTED IT WHEN CHIEF BIG MOOSE COULDN'T PICK UP YOUR TRAIL... THAT MEANT THAT THE MURDERER WAS A SKILLED PLAINSMAN. YOU FITTED THAT DESCRIPTION, PETERS! YOU'RE PROFESSOR HUNTER'S GUIDE!

YOU'RE CRAZY! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW LITTLEDEER! WHY SHOULD I KILL HIM?

BECAUSE THE STUFF THAT LEFT MARKS ON YOUR SHOES WASN'T GRAPHITE ... IT WAS MOSBYDENUM ORE, USED TO MAKE ARMOR PLATE! IT WOULD HAVE HELPED OUR WAR EFFORT, AND AS A SCIENTIST, CHARLIE LITTLEDEER KNEW IT!

WHA... YOU GUESSED!

ANOTHER THING I CAN TAKE A GUESS AT ... YOUR NAME ISN'T PETERS ... IT'S SOMETHING LIKE SCHMIDT AND YOU'RE A DISLOYAL ALIEN! YOU KNEW WHAT THE STUFF WAS AND KILLED CHARLIE TO KEEP HIM QUIET!

YOU GUESS TOO MUCH, WISE GUY! GUESS WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NOW!

YOUR KNIFE MAY BE SHARP, BUT YOUR WIT IS DULL!

OWWWWW!

THIS FIST WILL PROVE MY POINT ... ON THE POINT OF YOUR JAW!

AAAAAAA!

YOUR
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS
HELP
OUR WAR
EFFORT!
BUY
UNTIL IT
HURTS~
THE AXIS!

PAID IN FULL

by Emory Blake

HHEY, wait a minute, Mister! No, you're not seeing things. That's a wild duck following that boy all right. But you can't shoot him! Sure, I know you got a license to hunt here, but there are plenty of other ducks around Tame? No sir—no more than the one you see following young Bobby Perkins around!

Well, that duck isn't tamed, mister. Don't make that mistake. You draw a bead on it, and that there duck will take wing faster than you ever did see. Right smart duck, that thing.

You know, it doesn't seem more'n a year since that duck came around these parts. Yessir, it was right on that lake, where you're tryin' to get some shots, that it first happened.

What happened? I'm tryin' to tell you, mister, so just sit tight among those fancy decoys of yours and let me get along with the story. Pears to me I should start with young Bobby down there on the shore.

Certainly he's a local boy—well, he's a year older now, but not more'n a child to me. I tell you, Mister, the Perkinses have a right to be proud. They settled here a long time ago. And maybe it will surprise you some, Mister, to know that they bartered with the Indians for this land. And that's really settling early.

Don't rush me now. I'm trying to remember that day Bobby found the very duck you almost shot at. Pears to me, it wasn't long after Thanksgiving. The boy was walking home from school when he heard this strange cry. Naturally, none of our boys around here are 'fraidy cats, so he went over and investigated. And it was a duck,

Mister, a no-account wild duck. Somehow, the duck had gotten injured and there it was, couldn't fly or waddle. All it could do was lay there and cry. Well, young Bobby said later it was almost like a human cry, but what can a boy like Bobby know about such things.

Anyway, he did know that he had to help the duck. Now, I'm not saying, Mister, that anyone would have tried to fix up that bird; me, I'd probably have killed it and enjoyed myself a duck dinner. So it was just as well, I didn't find it, but that little boy over there did. Mister, I'm telling you I'm sure glad I didn't find it!

It's a funny thing how a pet can get under your skin. Like this one did to Bobby, I mean. The boy took him home and wanted to nurse him until he could get well. You should have heard what happened in the Perkins home when the lad brought in this duck. Old Man Perkins sure set up an awful holler. "You get that consarned bird out of here, Bobby," he yelled, "Unless you want to see him in soup." And Old Man Perkins got a voice you can hear for three counties—when he's mad, that is.

Well, that little boy's face went white. He didn't cry. He's got a lot of pride that young Bobby. He just stood there, with his little lips tight and his eyes looking straight into his father's.

So the old man continued belling, but suddenly the boy looked at him. "He's hurt, Dad," he said, "And he trusts me. Look." His lip quivered. "I've got to keep him—I've just got to."

Well, Mary Perkins spoke up then. "It's only for a little while,

Sam," she said.

Young Bobby looked up gratefully at his mother and when Sam Perkins saw the two of 'em were again him, he just threw up his hands. "All right," he said. "But as soon as that bird can fly, out he goes."

Well, for weeks, you'd never thank young Bobby was around. All he did was take care of that duck, and you could see the duck was getting plenty attached to him, too. But Sam Perkins knew that once the bird could fly, it would be too bad. Off he'd go, and maybe someone would get shot him, and that'd be the end of the pet. Honest, Mister, that's all he had been worried about in the first place, but Sam didn't have the heart to tell his kid that.

All of which proved he didn't know his kid. Mister, when that bird got better, young Bobby set him free. Oh, it hurt, you could see tears in the kid's eyes. He wanted his pet to stay, but getting a wild duck to settle down in one spot is—oh well, I can tell by the empty shells around your boat here, Mister, just how tough it is to get a wild duck in one place.

Well, that duck sure was ungrateful. He took it on the wing the morning Bobby released him and that was the last the kid saw of him. Or, at least, that's what the Perkins thought.

For a couple of weeks, you could see how young Bobby missed that bird. But then Sam Perkins bought the boy a nice air rifle and little Bobby was happy again. After all, he was only eight then—remember, this was a year ago, Mister—and it's given to kids to forget easily. Sometimes I wish the practice was continued all through life, too.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

BPQVS JMNWZM BWC AXMIS! TWWAM
BITS UIG TWAM TQDMA IVL VMMLML
ACXXTQMA!

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And speaking of kids, you know how frisky they can get. Mister, like walking right into trouble. Sort of making it. That's what happened to young Bobby. And why not?

Gosh, I guess any normal kid would have felt the same way, wanting to play on the ice. Yes, the waters of this lake really freeze during the winter, Mister. We've had it so cold up here, our cows have given ice cubes for milk.

Oh, I'm not kidding. Come around some middle of winter and see. Anyway, we had been having some nice skating parties on the lake. But the weather shifted and for a couple of days it got mill, making the ice plenty dangerous. It was freak weather, of course, and we all knew that around these parts the ice was going to freeze again. But until it did, we had to take precautions. Well, I live right over there, Mister, that house alongside the west shore, so I put up some guard ropes and warning signs. Some of our older boys, wanting to show off I guess, used to sneak up at night and skate on that thin ice. I sure figured Bobby Perkins would be doing the same thing.

But thank goodness, Mister, he got his idea in the daytime. His mother was down in the basement washing some clothes so she didn't see Bobby take his skates and go down to the lake. He had decided to do a little practising.

He's not a heavy kid, as you might have noticed, Mister, so for a while it was pretty safe. But then, as all kids do, he decided to skate out a little past the danger zone. It was the

wrong thing to do, Mister—and if Bobby's pop had ever come along, that lad would have gotten some wallop.

But Sam Perkins was in town on business. So the first person to hear Bobby's cry for help was his own mother. She happened to look out the cellar window, and was testing the catch when she heard Bobby's voice. "Help! Help!"

The boy had fallen through the ice! She could see him, trying to hang on, and also trying to reach for a piece of guard rope, which was just out of his grasp. She saw when she got closer, just what that meant, too. It must have terrorized Bobby to have help that close and not be able to touch it.

But think of Mrs. Perkins' fear, Mister. I don't know how that woman ever managed to live through it. She ran out soon as she heard the cry. But what could she do? If she stepped onto the ice, she'd go down with it. She was frantic, that poor woman, and it looked like all hope was lost. There was nobody in sight, no one she could ask for help. There was nothing around except a flight of wild ducks, heading for a hideout.

To Mary Perkins her son was doomed. She told me later, she almost went out on that ice, crazy as it would have been! And it was sure death. And there was Bobby, his voice getting weaker, crying for his mother to help him. Mary Perkins just closed her eyes, and prayed she wouldn't faint. Something had to happen, something just had to.

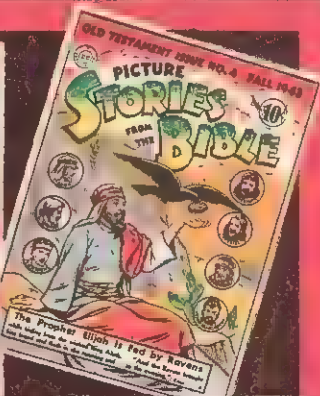
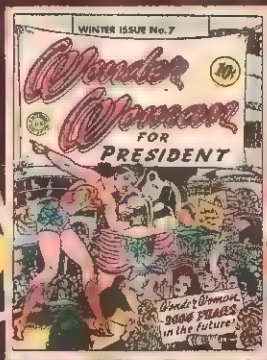
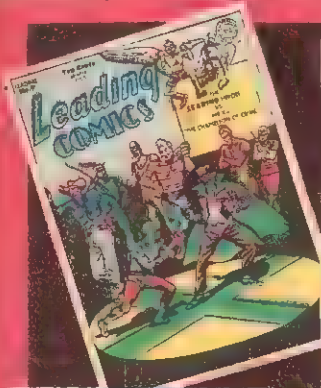
And it did happen, Mister, a miracle! Because from that

flight of wild ducks came help. Before Mary Perkins' startled eyes, a duck actually left the flight—and they never do that, Mister—and alighted near the boy. It was almost as though a human hand—or maybe the hand was more Divine, Mister—was directing that duck. For that duck pushed the guard rope right to young Bobby Perkins! The kid wrapped it around his wrist and hung on. He was safe! He could have stayed there an hour now, but fortunately he didn't have to. Sam Perkins had forgotten some papers and came back, unexpectedly to get them.

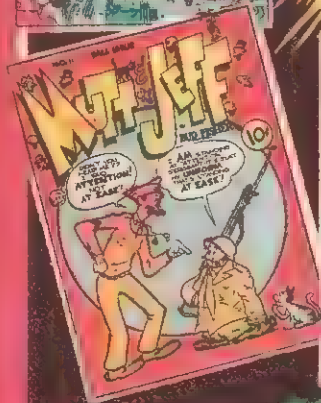
Well, Sam got that kid to safety quick. The boy was suffering from submersion, but being a pretty healthy lad, was sure to fight it off. But I'll never forget the first thing he said when he opened his eyes. He didn't look at Sam Perkins, no sir. He looked at his mother and whispered: "Mother, it was him. My duck. He came back to help me."

And his mother's voice was filled with gratitude and understanding, Mister, as she said: "I know, Bobby. I believe." She smiled. "I guess he felt he had a debt to pay and wanted to wait until he could pay it before seeing you again."

Yes, Mister, even Sam Perkins, scoffed that he is, had to admit there was something Providential about it all. Why, take that duck now. He came back here this year, just as though he wants to make sure Bobby's all right. And in a few weeks, he'll fly away again. But he'll be back again next year, Mister, I'm sure of it. Sure as my name is Sam Perkins!



**BE SURE
TO GET THESE
TOP FAVORITES
FOR THE BEST IN
COMICS!**

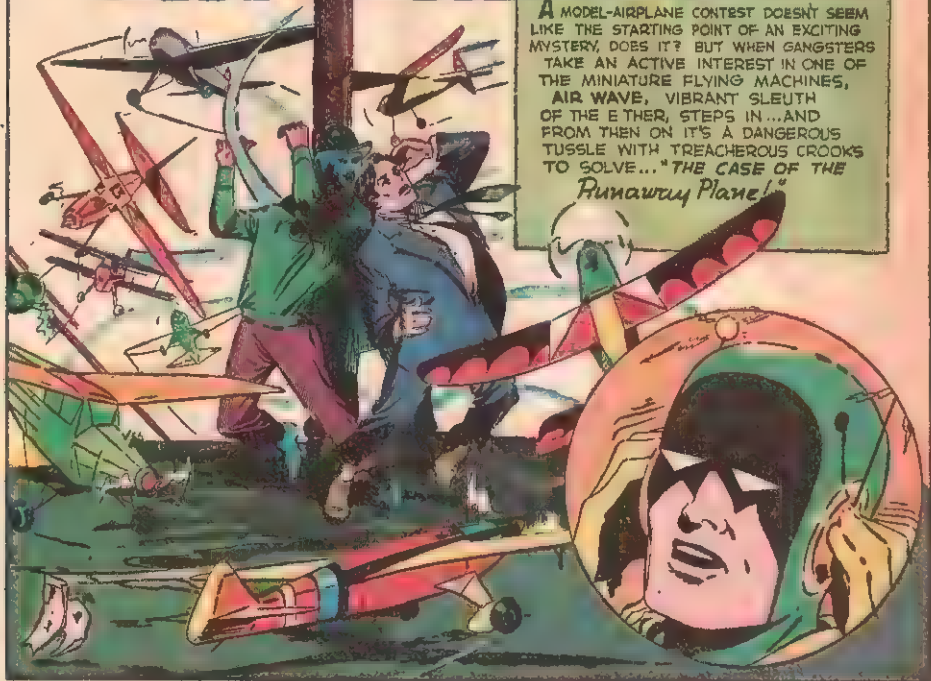


**NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!**



AIR WAVE

A MODEL-AIRPLANE CONTEST DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE STARTING POINT OF AN EXCITING MYSTERY, DOES IT? BUT WHEN GANGSTERS TAKE AN ACTIVE INTEREST IN ONE OF THE MINIATURE FLYING MACHINES, AIR WAVE, VIBRANT SLEUTH OF THE ETHER, STEPS IN...AND FROM THEN ON IT'S A DANGEROUS TUSSELE WITH TREACHEROUS CROOKS TO SOLVE... "THE CASE OF THE Runaway Plane!"

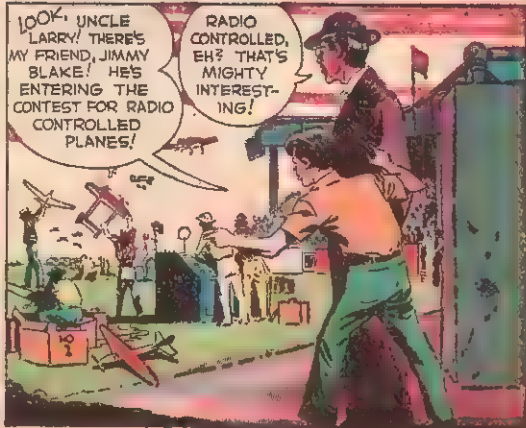
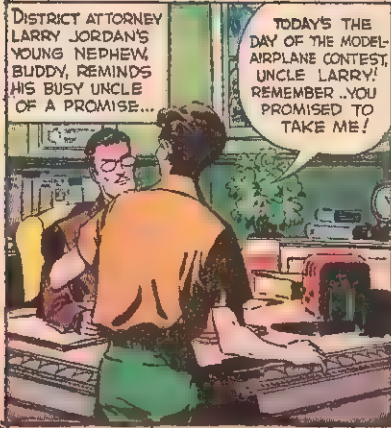


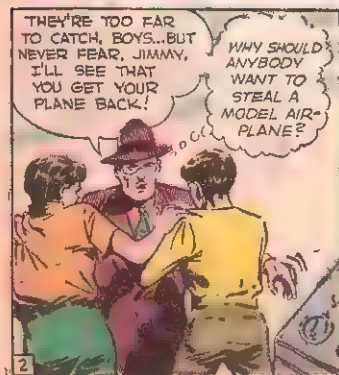
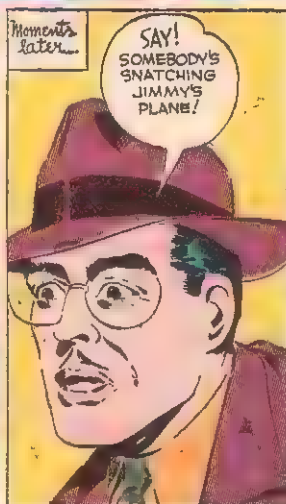
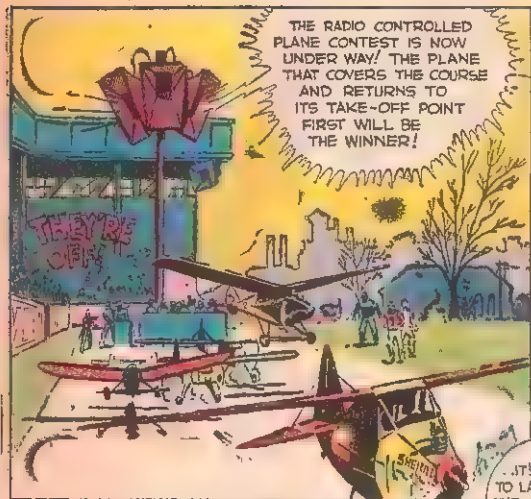
DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN'S YOUNG NEPHEW, BUDDY, REMINDS HIS BUSY UNCLE OF A PROMISE...

TODAY'S THE DAY OF THE MODEL-AIRPLANE CONTEST, UNCLE LARRY! REMEMBER YOU PROMISED TO TAKE ME!

LOOK, UNCLE LARRY! THERE'S MY FRIEND, JIMMY BLAKE! HE'S ENTERING THE CONTEST FOR RADIO CONTROLLED PLANES!

RADIO CONTROLLED, EH? THAT'S MIGHTY INTERESTING!



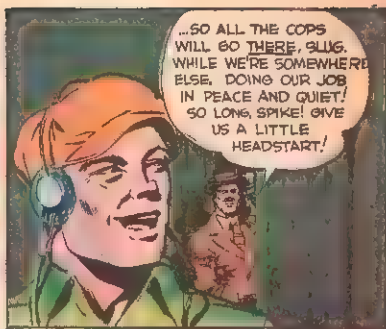




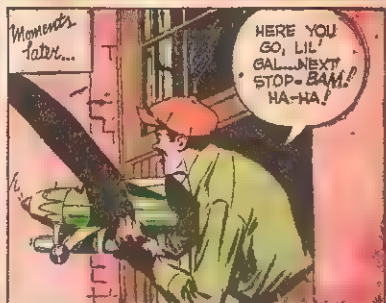
OKAY, BOSS...TH' RADIO CONTROL FOR THIS PLANE'S READY!

GOOD! NOW THIS IS THE PLAN! WE TIE AN INCENDIARY BOMB TO THE PLANE! SPIKE STAYS HERE AT THE RADIO CONTROL PANEL AND DIRECTS THE PLANE SO'S IT CRASHES INTO THE EMPTY WAREHOUSE ON PHIL STREET!

BUT WHY SET FIRE TO AN EMPTY WAREHOUSE, BOSS?

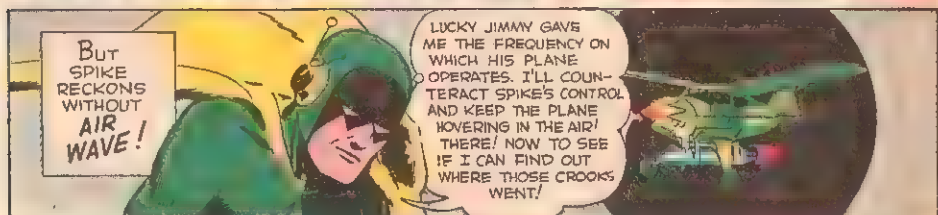


...SO ALL THE COPS WILL GO THERE, SLUG. WHILE WE'RE SOMEWHERE ELSE, DOING OUR JOB IN PEACE AND QUIET! SO LONG, SPIKE! GIVE US A LITTLE HEADSTART!



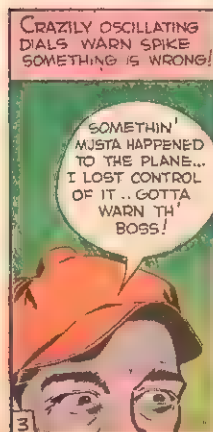
Moments later...

HERE YOU GO, LIL' GAL...NEXT STOP-BAM! HA-HA!



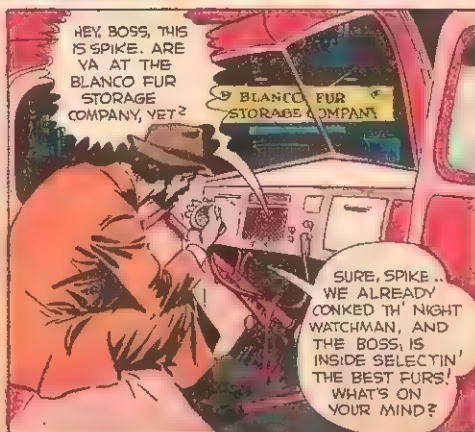
BUT SPIKE RECKONS WITHOUT AIR WAVE!

LUCKY JIMMY GAVE ME THE FREQUENCY ON WHICH HIS PLANE OPERATES. I'LL COUNTERACT SPIKE'S CONTROL AND KEEP THE PLANE HOVERING IN THE AIR! THERE! NOW TO SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT WHERE THOSE CROOKS WENT!



CRAZILY OSCILLATING DIALS WARN SPIKE SOMETHING IS WRONG!

SOMETHIN' MUSTA HAPPENED TO THE PLANE... I LOST CONTROL OF IT... GOTTA WARN TH' BOSS!

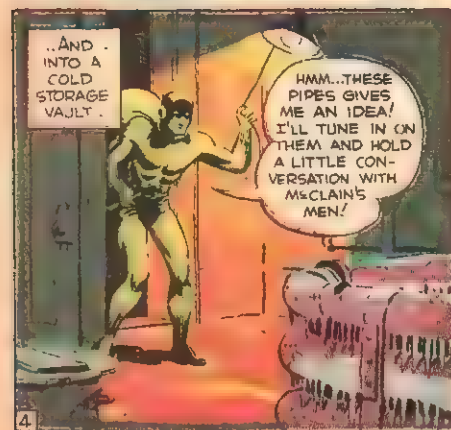
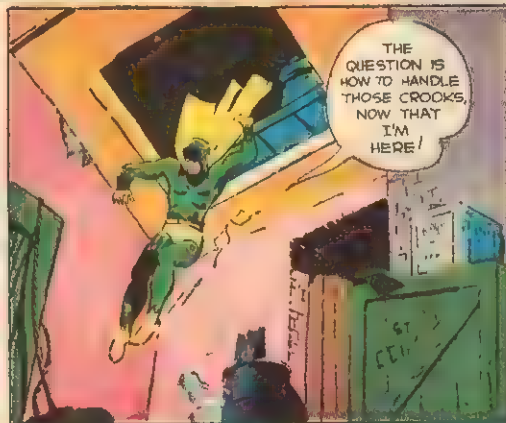
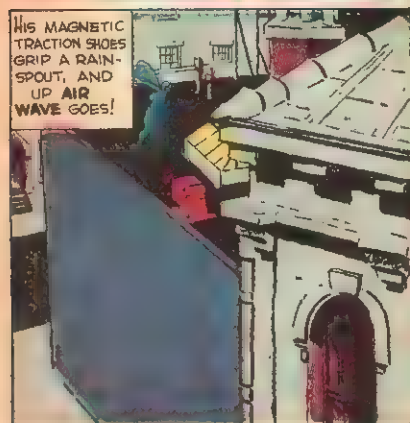
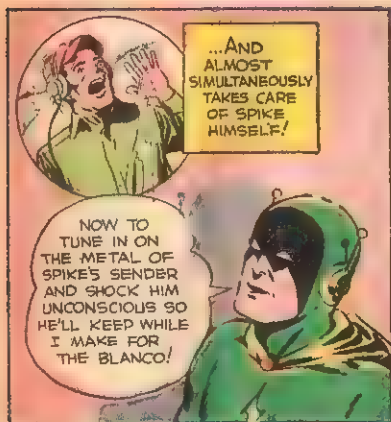


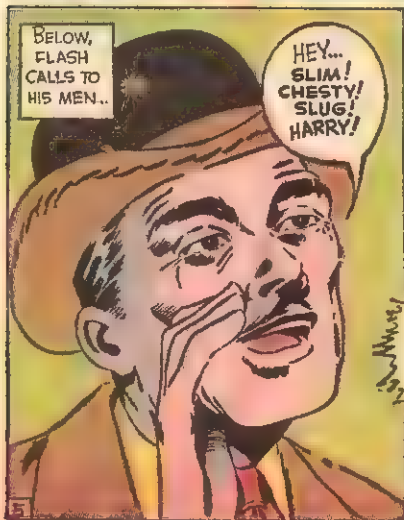
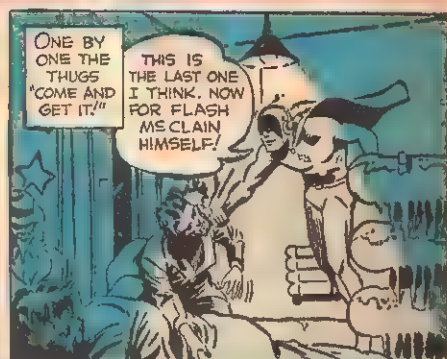
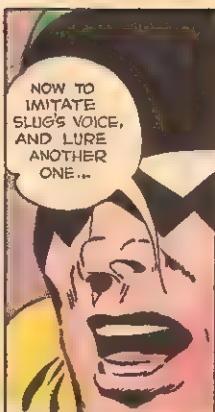
HEY, BOSS, THIS IS SPIKE. ARE YA AT THE BLANCO FUR STORAGE COMPANY, YET?

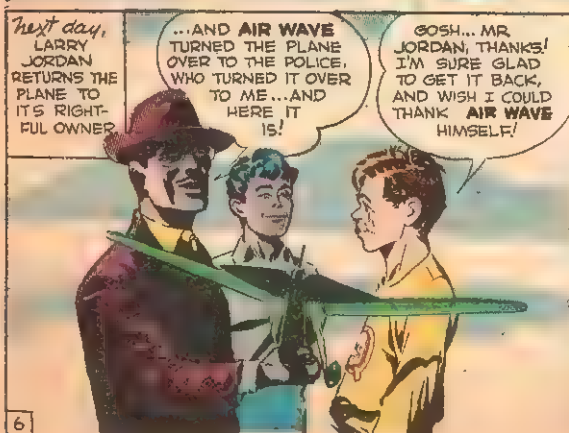
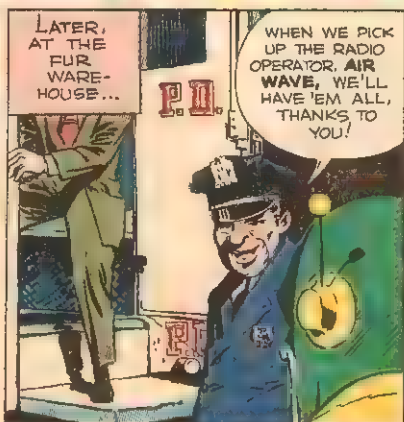
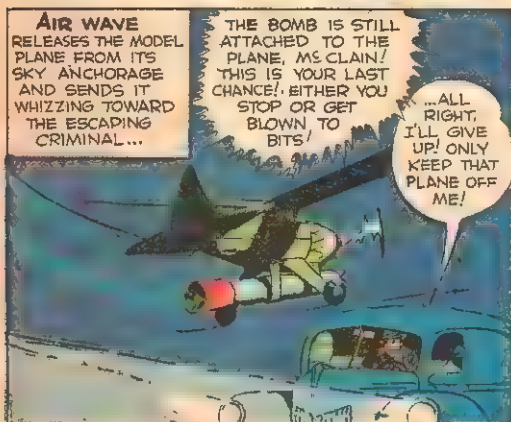
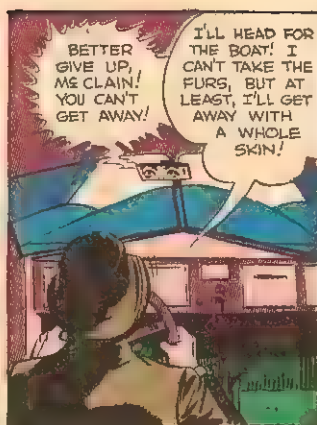
SURE, SPIKE... WE ALREADY CONKED TH' NIGHT WATCHMAN, AND THE BOSS, IS INSIDE SELECTIN' THE BEST FURS! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



NOTHIN'! JUST WANTED TA LET HIM KNOW EV'RYTING WAS UNDER CONTROL!







BIKE-OLGY

NEW WORLD'S RECORD—

JOHN S. PRICE, RIDING A ROYAL MAIL, SET A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR BICYCLES IN 1884 HE COVERED ONE MILE IN THE THEN UN-BELEVABLE TIME OF 2 MINUTES AND 39 SECONDS. TODAY'S RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE IS 33 SECONDS.

TRADE MARK OF
THE BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION



STOPPING BY HAND.
TIMBERLAKE'S RATCHET BRAKE
A FAR CRY FROM TODAY'S
PRECISION-BUILT MORROW'S
COASTER BRAKE WAS OPER-
ATED BY HAND. A RATCHET
ARRANGEMENT ON THE
FRONT WHEEL PERMITTED
GRADUAL STOPPING.

IVORY HANDLES

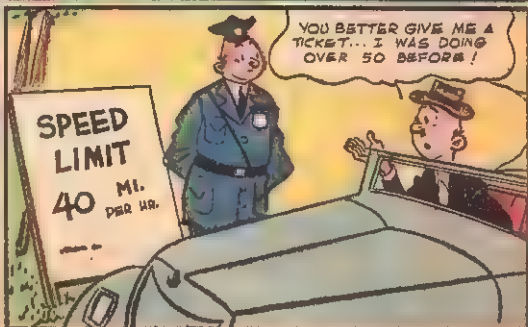
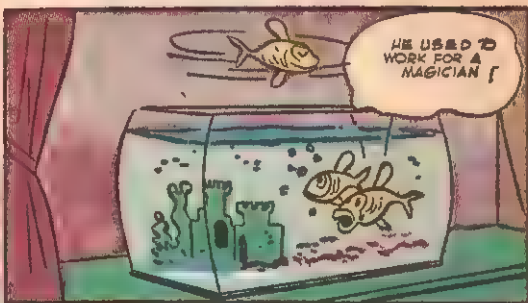
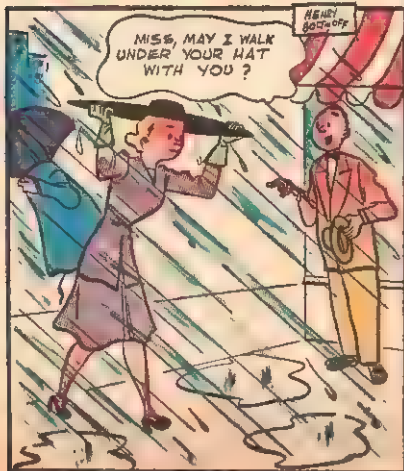
HANDLES OF IVORY,
THOUGH VERY EX-
PENSIVE, WERE IN
RATHER COMMON USE
AT ONE TIME. UNLIKE
WOODEN ONES, THEY
DIDN'T BLISTER THE HANDS

THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE—

HAS BEEN KNOWN FOR ITS EASY PEDALING,
FREE COASTING, AND SMOOTH BRAKING. SINCE
THE EARLIEST DAYS OF BICYCLING, TODAY, AS AN
IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE INVISIBLE CREW,
IT IS SERVING A VITAL PURPOSE ON MANY
BATTLEFRONTS, AS WELL AS THE HOMEFRONT.

THE INVISIBLE CREW
Bendix
Aviation Corporation
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

LAFFS



The BOY COMMANDOS

in The TRIUMPH of CHOLLY the CHIMP

ORDER OF THE DAY

Commandos will try to Refrain from using the term "Ape" to Describe Japs and Nazis...there are some very fine Characters among the monkey-folk...

.....*Rip Carter*.....
CAPTAIN

THERE'LL BE CHEERS FOR A SCHOLARLY FELLOW KNOWN AS **CHOLLY THE CHIMP** WHEN BATTLE-SCARRED COMMANDOS RETURN FROM A CERTAIN BUSINESS TRIP TO NAZI-OCCUPIED FRANCE...BECAUSE EVERY LIVING MAN OF THEM WILL KNOW THAT THE ODDS WOULD HAVE BEEN 1,000-TO-1 AGAINST HIS EVER COMING BACK IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR **CHOLLY!** AND HERE IS THE ROLLICKING, RIOTOUS, ROARING STORY BEHIND IT ALL...WITH THE FAMOUS **BOY COMMANDOS** STORMING THROUGH ONE OF THE STRANGEST ADVENTURES OF THEIR DAREDEVIL CAREER TO ADD A NEW WRINKLE TO THE BROW OF A GLOOMY LITTLE MONSTER NAMED **A DOLF SCHICKLEGRUBER!**

JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY

FACING THE DAILY PROSPECT OF FALLING NAZI BOMBS, A BRAVE PEOPLE NEED COURAGE AND GOOD SPIRIT... SO LONDON MUST LAUGH!!

STEP RIGHT H'UP, FOLKS... AND SEE CHOLLY THE H'EDJICATED CHIMP! THE CHIMP WITH A H'OXFORD DIPLOMA!

CHOLLY THE CHIMP

'ERE, YOU COMMANDO BLOKES... 'OW ABOUT SPENDIN' A SHILLIN' TA SEE A MONK WHO'S H'I.Q. H'IS BIGGER'N YOURS?

WHY, YA BIG GORILLA!

HAHA-
HA-HA!

WOT'LL YA CHARGE FER CHOLLY TO LOOK AT YOU?

LISTEN, CHUM! H'ANYTIME A CHIMP H'OUTSMARTS ME, H'ILL TRADE PLYCES WITH 'IM!

MEANWHILE, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE DISSENSION HE HAS CAUSED... CHOLLY THE CHIMP APPLIES H'S KEEN, SIMIAN BRAIN TO TEST A SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE...

OOKLE!

P500
PIK!!

THE LAW OF GRAVITY!!

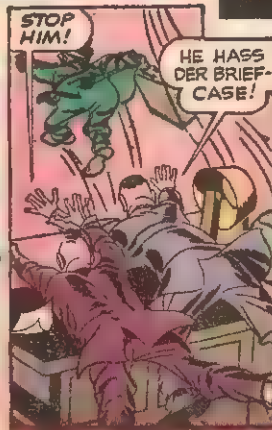
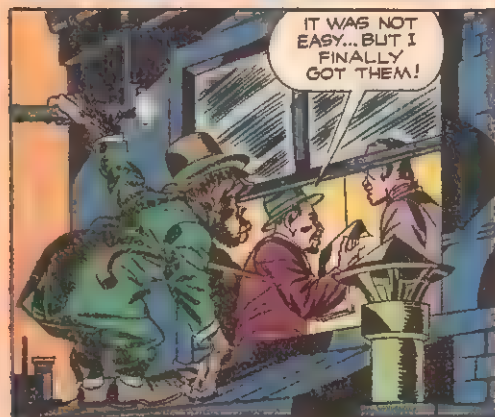
BAM!

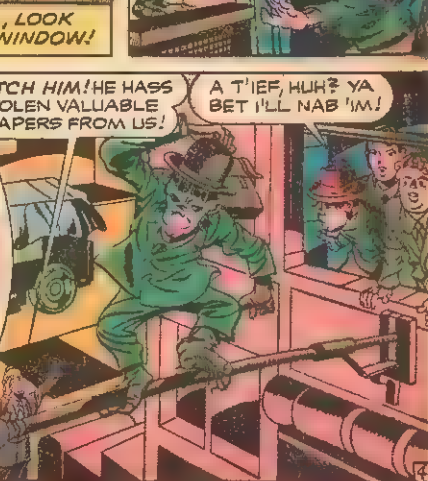
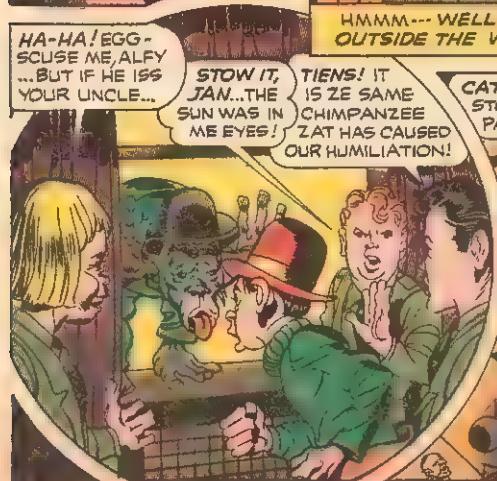
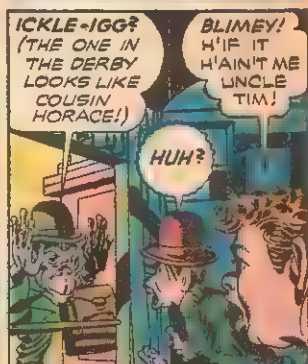
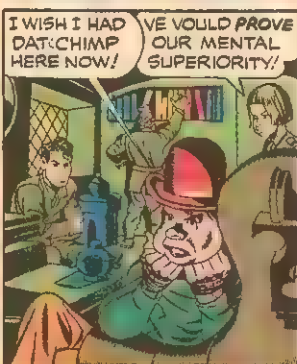
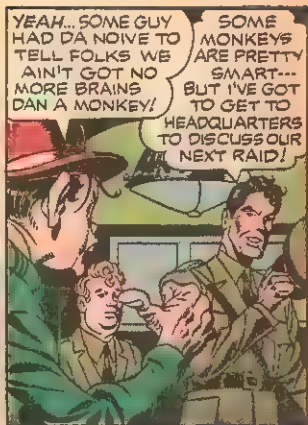
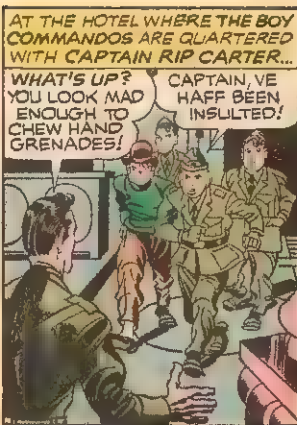
BOOMPI!

CRASH!

BRAACK!!

WHAT A
CHEAP
CAGE!





A EDUCATED CHIMP, EH?
SMARTER'N ME WOT LOINED
DA ROPES IN GOOD OL'
BROOKLYN, EH?

CAREFUL...Y'ELL
DISGRACE H'US H'ALL
IF YE LETS 'IM PUT
H'IT OVER YE!



NO CHIMP EVER
LIVED WOT C'N
PUT IT OVER
M-- OOPS...
HELP!! 'IM
FALLIN'!

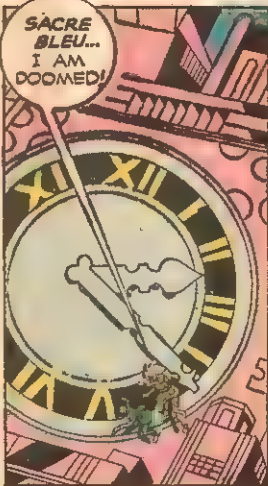
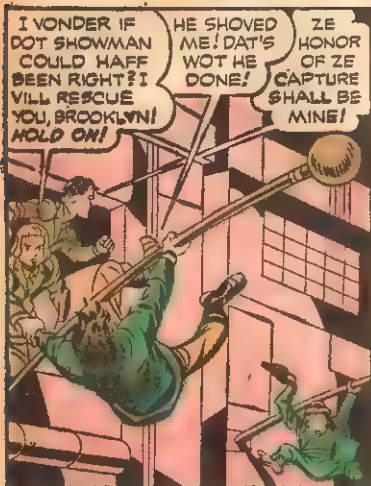


I VONDER IF
DOT SHOWMAN
COULD HAFF
BEEN RIGHT? I
VILL RESCUE
YOU, BROOKLYN!
HOLD ON!

HE SHOVED
ME! DAT'S
WOT HE
DONE!

ZE
HONOR
OF ZE
CAPTURE
SHALL BE
MINE!

S'ACRE
BLEU...
I AM
DOOMED!



TCH-
TCH-
TCH!

FIEND! ASSASSIN!
HYPOCRITE! YOU
CONSPIRE TO
MURDER ME...
ZEN PRETEND
TO FEEL ZE
SYMPATHY!



A LADDER
ISS VOT VE
NEED TO
SAVE HIM!

GIVE 'IM TIME...
HE'LL BE DOWN
IN A MINUTE!

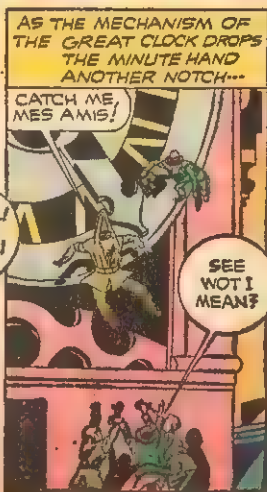
HIMMEL!
OUR
PAPERS!



AS THE MECHANISM OF
THE GREAT CLOCK DROPS
THE MINUTE HAND
ANOTHER NOTCH--

CATCH ME,
MES AMIS!

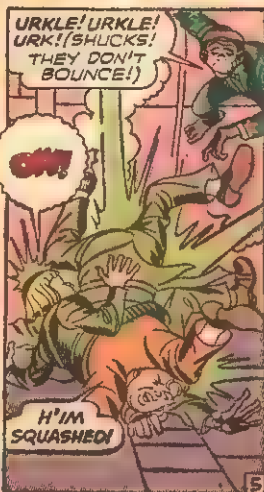
SEE
WOT I
MEAN?

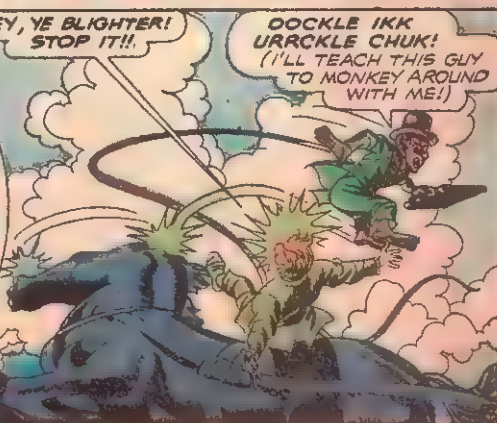
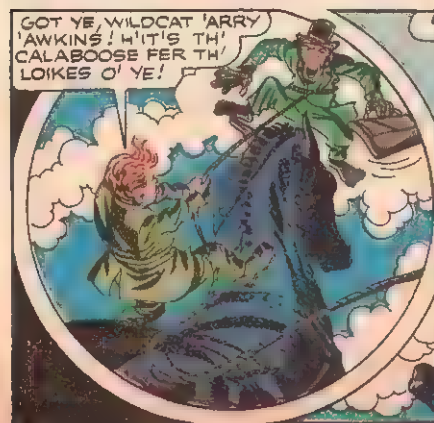
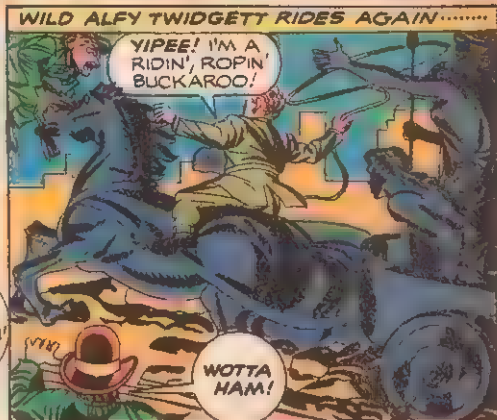
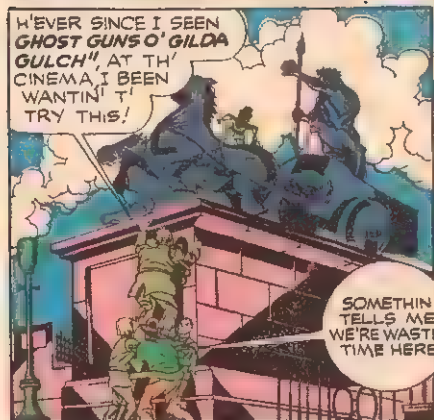
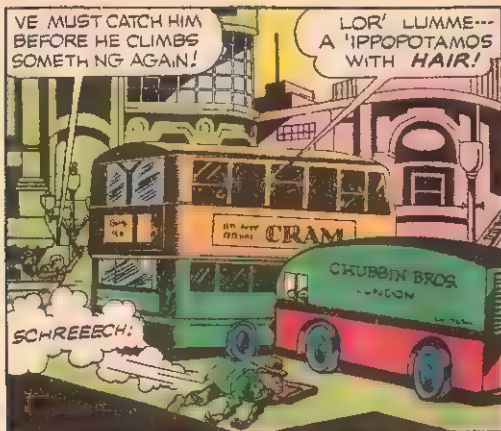


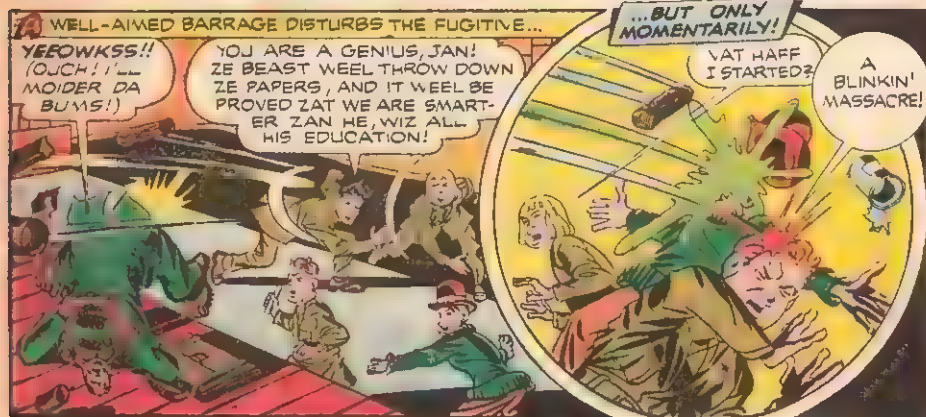
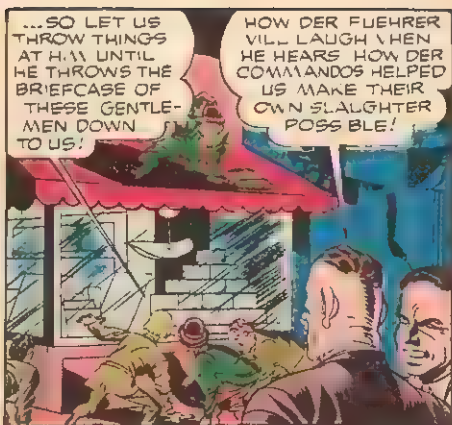
URKLE! URKLE!
URK! (SHUCKS!)
THEY DON'T
BOUNCE!

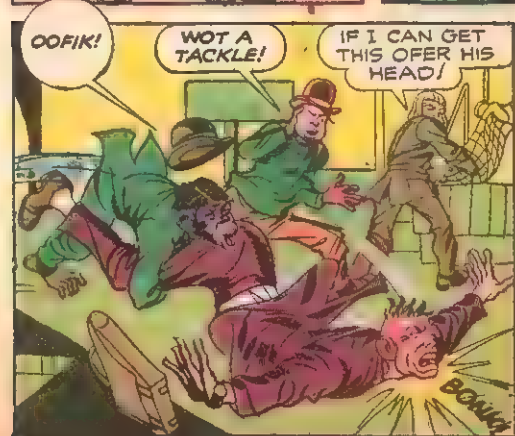
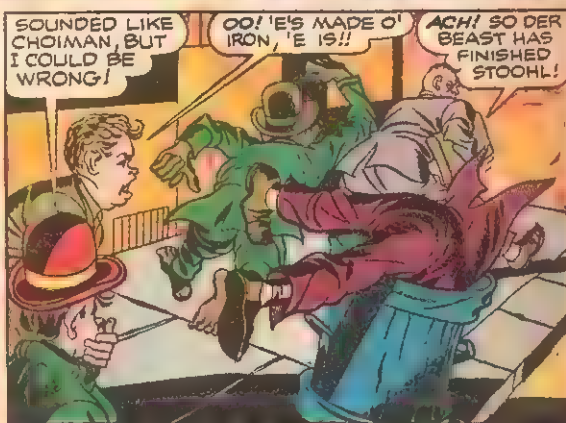
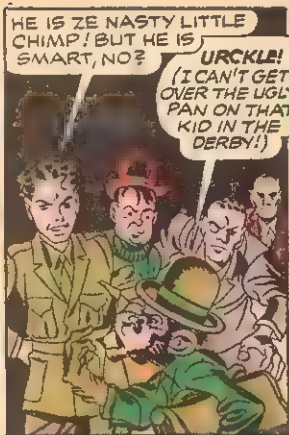
OW!

H'IM
SQUASHED





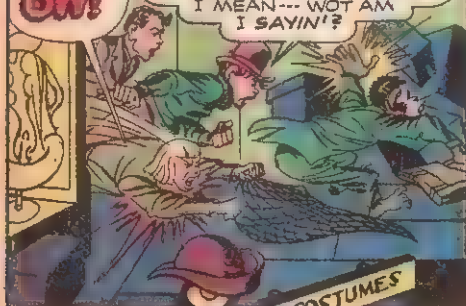




NO CHIMPANZEE OF ANY INTELLIGENCE WOULD CARE TO RISK A FRONTAL ATTACK BY THE BOY COMMANDOS!

OOPS!!
OW!

YA AIN'T GONNA MAKE A MONKEY OUTA ME, BRUDDER!
I MEAN--- WOT AM I SAYIN'?

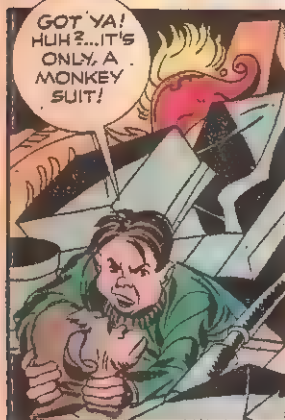


HELP!
POLICE!!

URK-URK!
(I'LL SHOW THESE GORILLAS!)



GOT 'YA!
HUH?...IT'S ONLY A MONKEY SUIT!



AFTER ALL, WHY NOT? IF I AIN'T SMART ENOUGH TA FOOL A CHIMP, I BETTER FIND IT OUT...QUICK!!



DA NOIVE O' HIM...IMPOISONATIN' A SOLJER! FOIST I'LL SNATCH DIS, DEN I'LL TOIN HIM OVER TO DA MILITARY COPPERS!

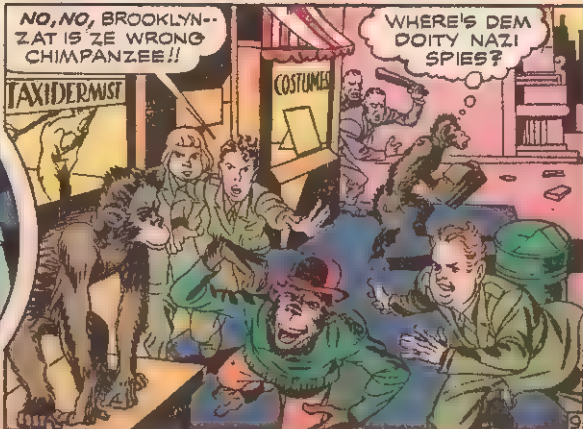
CH-CH-CH!
(SUCH FINE MATERIAL!)



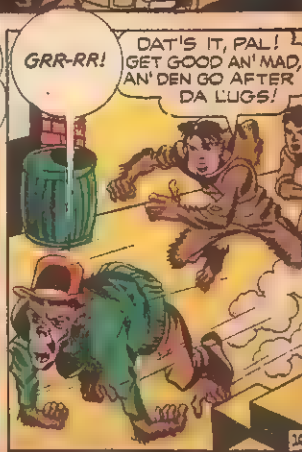
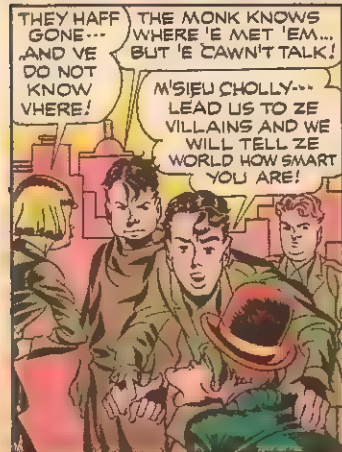
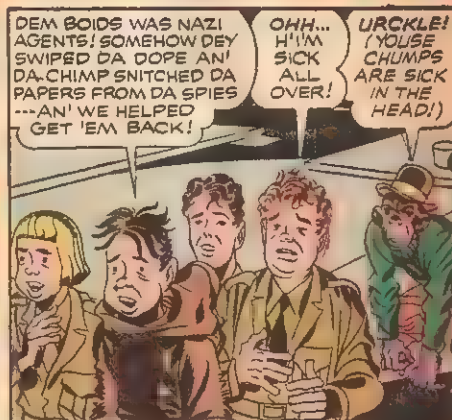
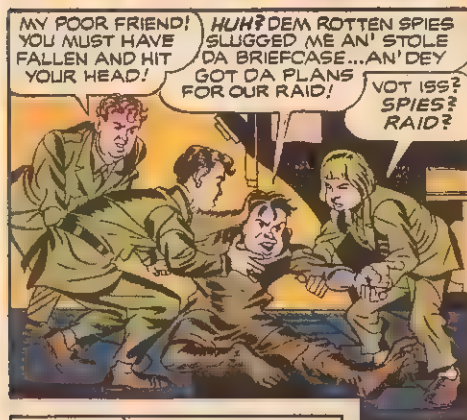
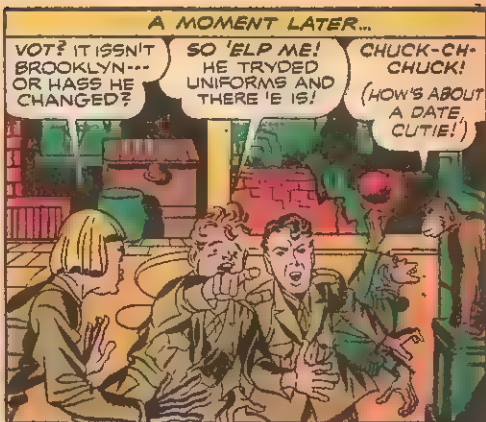
OH-OH! DA CASE OPENED UP!
I BETTER PUT DA PAPERS BA...
JEEPERS! DESSE ARE PLANS FER DA COMMANDO RAID!



NO, NO, BROOKLYN--
ZAT IS ZE WRONG CHIMPANZEE!!



WHERE'S DEM DOITY NAZI SPIES?



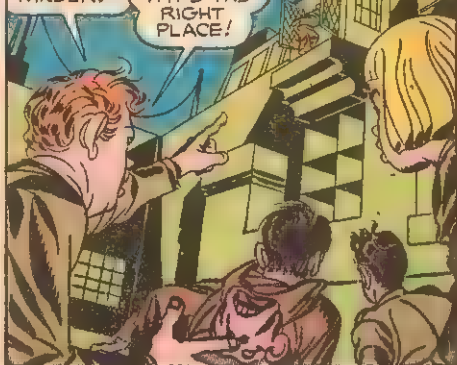
AS STRANGE A MANHUNT AS THE BATTERED CITY OF LONDON HAS EVER SEEN, GETS UNDER WAY!

DIDN'T I TELL YA HE WUZ SMART AS A WHIP?



'E'S GOIN' IN THAT WINDER!

BLIMEY! H'I 'OPE H'IT'S THE RIGHT PLACE!



JUST AS THE SPIES MAKE RADIO CONTACT WITH THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN BERLIN...

CALLING BERLIN...THIS ISS STATION K-ELEVEN WITH VITAL INFORMATION!

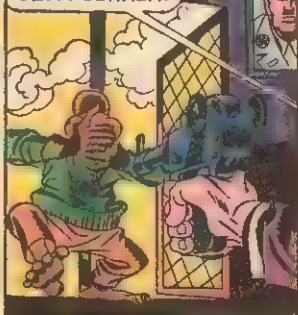
LET ME READ IT... ACH!!



COMMANDOS! NO... IT ISS DER MONKEY!



THIS TIME VE VILL NOT HAVE ANY NONSENSE! DIE, ENEMY OF DER FUEHRER!



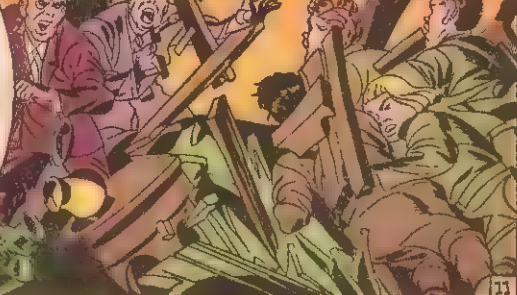
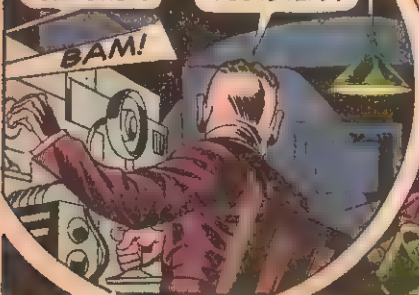
HURRY! VE MUST GET OUR INFORMATION ACROSS BEFORE ANYVUN INVESTIGATES DER SHOT!

LISTEN CLOSELY, BERLIN! THERE VILL BE A BIG-COMMANDO RAID AT--- DO I HEAR FOOTSTEPS?

DONNERVETTER! DER RAID ISS ON!!

MORE MONKEYS... I MEAN COMMANDOS!

GIVE 'EM WOT FOR--AN' YE KNOW FOR WOT!





FREE

with your order...



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

now GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

Get Bursting Strength Quickly

If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day.



GUARANTEE
If not satisfied after 5 days, return for refund of purchase price.

New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

Send No Money
Sign Your name to company checking

Pay postman price plus postage on arrival. If you can buy a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back.

You many need many specially priced pictorial instructions... a picture showing method showing short cuts to mighty muscles

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P. O. Box 1,
Station X, New York 54, N. Y.

MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept. 6802
P. O. Box 1, Station X, New York, 54, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

- ☐ Send regular strength chest pull and bar bell combination. Set \$5.95
- ☐ Send Super strength set at \$6.95

(Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.)

Name _____

Address _____

(SPECIAL) If you are aboard ship or outside of U.S.A. send money order in American funds at prices listed above plus 50c.

I Jumped from \$18 a Week to \$50 -a Free Book started me toward this **GOOD PAY JOB IN RADIO**

**Here's
How it
Happened**

by S. J. E. SMITH, NAME AND ADDRESS
SENT UPON REQUEST



"I had an \$18 a week job in a shoe factory. I read about Radio opportunities and enrolled with the National Radio Institute."



"I was soon earning \$5 to \$10 a week in spare time fixing Radios. This paid for the National Radio Institute Course and led to work paying for my college education."



"Radio servicing permitted me to attend school and work evenings. Upon completing the N. R. I. Course I was made Service Manager at \$40 to \$50 a week, more than twice my shoe factory wage."



"Later the N. R. I. Graduate Service Department sent me to Station KWCR as a Radio Operator. Now I am Radio Engineer of Station WSUI and connected with Television Station WDXK."



"The N. R. I. Course took me out of a low-pay job and put me into Radio at good pay; enabled me to earn a college education. There's a promising future for trained Radio men."

Find out today how I Train You at Home to BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN



J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Established 26 Years

Building types of Radio jobs; tells how you can train for them at home in spare time!

**More Radio Technicians and Operators
Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before**

There's a big shortage today of capable Radio Technicians and Operators. Fixing Radios pays better now than for years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal

number of servicing jobs. Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, and other Radio branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. Radio Manufacturers, now working on Government orders for Radio equipment, employ trained men. The Government, too, needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women.

**Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10
a Week EXTRA in Spare Time**

The day you enroll for my Course I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to earn EXTRA money fixing Radios.

Many make \$5, \$10 a week EXTRA in spare time while still learning. I send you SIX big kits of real Radio parts. You LEARN Radio fundamentals from



You Build This and Other
Radio Circuits with
6 Big Kits I send

my lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building typical circuits—PROVE what you learn by interesting tests.

**Be Ready To Cash In On Good-Pay Jobs
Coming in Television, Electronics**

Think of the NEW jobs that Television Frequency Modulation, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! So take the first step at once. Get my 64-page, illustrated book. No obligation—no salesman will call. Just mail Coupon in an envelope or paste it on a penny postal.—J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4AB9, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

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HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY**

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4AB9
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-
page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No
salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



**Extra Pay In
Army, Navy, Too**

Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon now! Learning Radio helps Service men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, MUCH HIGHER PAY. Also, prepares for good Radio jobs.

The Beginners' Way to Good Pay in Radio

New DAISY Play Guns READY

BANG BANG
BANG

IDEAL FOR
CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

★ HARMLESS!

- ★ Military Gun Sling
- ★ Fast Pump Action
- ★ A Repeater
- ★ "Bang!" Noise
- ★ Genuine Daisy Quality and Durability

\$1¹⁹
Duty Added in Canada
Plus 11c Postage

DAISY COMMANDO Repeating PLAY GUN

Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that husky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 11c for postage-handling direct to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money!)

A beautiful red, white and blue Daisy Victory Model Crest appears on each play gun stock.

New Daisy SUB-MACHINE GUN

RAT-TAT - TAT-A-TAT

TURN THE CRANK

PATENT APPLIED FOR

DAISY CHATTERMATIC

TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gun go "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry. Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all-wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now. If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89¢ plus 11c for postage-handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

89¢

Plus 11c Postage
Duty Added in Canada

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS BULLS EYE SHOT AND

DAISY AIR RIFLES

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DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 501 UNION ST., DEPT. 4, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

HOW TO ORDER

Order direct from Daisy. Send Money Order, check or cash, being sure to include amount requested for postage. Your order will be shipped promptly postpaid. Return for full refund if not perfectly satisfied.



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These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. THE COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of a-c-t-i-o-n and noise to children from 4 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, quality. Order DIRECT now.

